CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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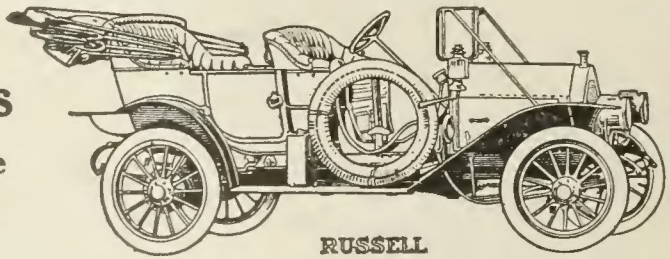

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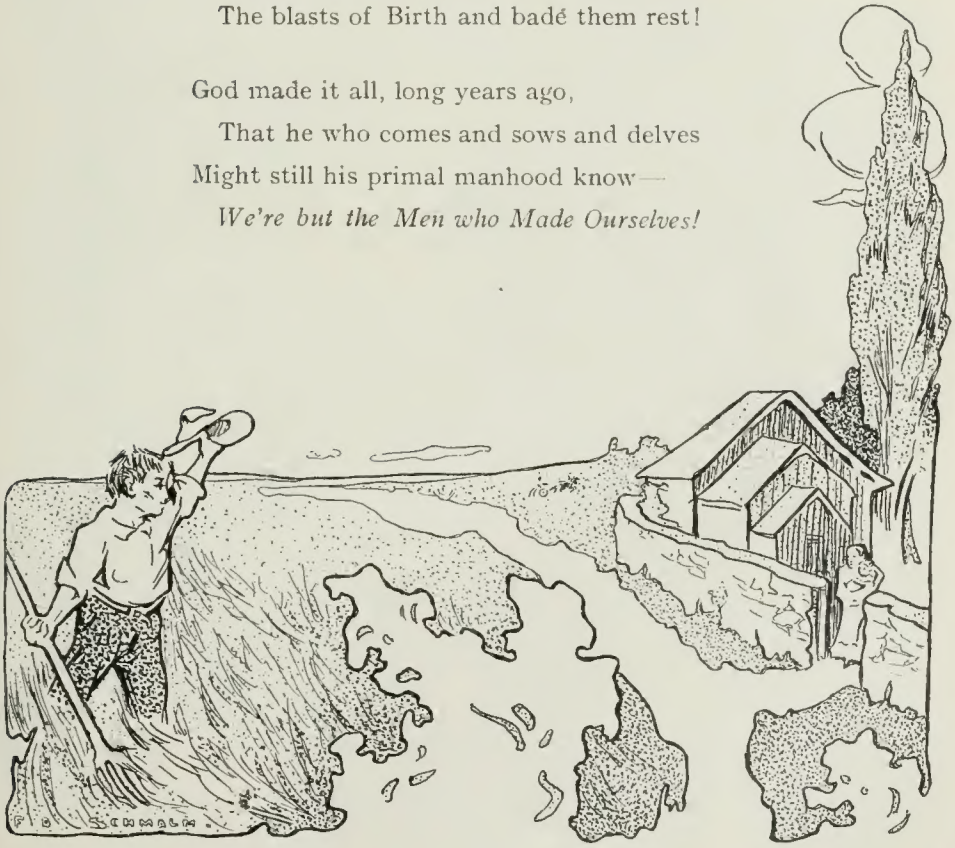
THE PIONEERS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Call us no more the men who made
  This newer world, this golden West!
'Twas done of old by Him who laid
  The blasts of Birth and badé them rest!

God made it all, long years ago,
  That he who comes and sows and delves
Might still his primal manhood know—
  We're but the Men who Made Ourselves!



Drawn by Percy Edward Anderson For Love of Ariadne—see page 399

"COULD YOU GET READY TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW?" HE ASKED

C A N A D A M O N T H L Y

VOLUME VII. LONDON, APRIL NUMBER 6

THAT MAN WHO MADE THE VALLEY

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

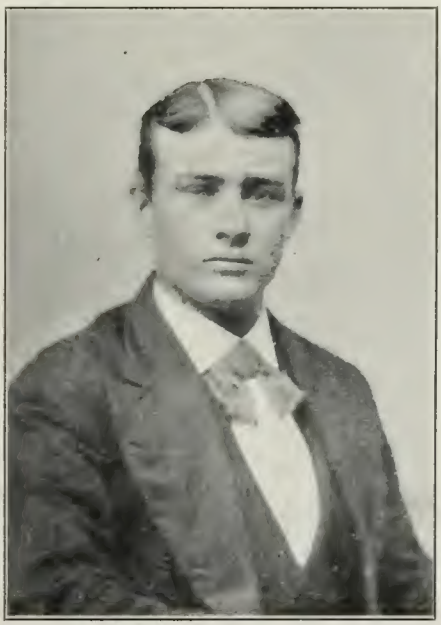
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours.

Yes, your "Never-never country," —yes, your "edge of cultivation,"
And "No sense in going further,"—till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to *me*.

—Kipling.

BORN on a farm near Glencoe, Ontario, about a half-century ago, and swinging along a wide arc of business activity in the States, the "Father of the American Invasion" has landed in his own country once again, to stay.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value and far-reaching importance of the gift Colonel Andrew D. Davidson has conferred upon Canada, but he stands in this unusual attitude towards it: that while remote posterity will continue to enjoy its benefits and shall be better able to estimate it through the perspective of time, he has full credit for it among the people of the present. Yet, like all men who build for the unborn generations, he has done the work for its own sake, unheeding the present praise or blame of other men. With total unconsciousness of saying a fine thing simply, he stated this, himself, at a banquet given in his honor at Winnipeg: "After an absence of twenty-five years," said he, "I have come back among my fellow-countrymen to devote the rest of my life in assisting to settle and develop my native country, and if in the end it can be said Canada is better off because I have lived, then my mission shall have been fulfilled."



Reproduced from an old tintype
ANDREW D. DAVIDSON
At seventeen years of age

It takes a pretty big man to make a strong and lasting

impression upon the material affairs and the course of history in two great nations. Davidson has done this—by sheer inborn force, and no adventitious aids whatever. Bare hands, steady eyes, the power to discern a duty and the instant readiness to do it, made up his capital when, in early boyhood, he first faced the world.

Now, in the high noon of his years, he is commander of many great interests, all of them operating for the good of thousands of people; and has at his call whatever resources may be necessary to anything he undertakes.

But the one performance by which his name will be carried forward was his promulgation of proofs of the fact that the Saskatchewan Valley would grow abundantly the best wheat in the world.

There is no need for going into that story now. It is well enough known, and so is the other fact, that when he had established the truth about Saskatchewan and the western plains, in the face of clamor to the contrary, he set about at once to utilize it by covering the land with farmers. It was an undertaking too immense for any but the largest and broadest kind of method —the country was so big. He had lived among the farmers of the middle western states, and he knew the desire that was growing up among them for more land. It really was a daring conception that lay at the back of his invasion of those states in search of settlers, for it squarely confronted a widespread sentiment against changing flags, and a total misunderstanding of Canada, both as to climate and fertility. But he went at it with understanding, and in no small way. He created the first, and one of the greatest, of the land-selling organizations that have canvassed the United States, and began to draw people across the boundary by hundreds and then by thousands. It was the nearest and best area of supply, and all his immigrants took with them both money and skill. At one time he had no less than three thousand agents at work spreading the news about Canada, and selling Canadian lands. His own first purchase amounted to a million and a half acres; and his first "turn-over" was a million and a quarter acres, sold in seven months—a time record in retail sales that stands as yet unbroken.

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Kewaunee, Green Bay & Western R. R. Co.
TRAIN DISPATCHER'S OFFICE.
F. E. TEETSHORN, Train Dispatcher.

GREEN BAY, WIS. July 12th 1907

A D. Davidson Esq

Dear Sir;

Some time ago while looking through an old letter book I found the attached, It may cause you to smile. Poor old man he has passed in his checks some time ago having droped dead on the street in Chicago.

I presume your Frugality is what did it.

I am as you notice still with the old roadwhich is not what it used to be but in as good shape as most roads.

Yours Truly F. E. Teetshorn

NOT LONG AGO COLONEL DAVIDSON HAD A VIVID REMINDER OF THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH, WHEN F. E. TEETSHORN SENT HIM A TRANSCRIPT OF A LETTER FROM HIS FORMER "BOSS" REPRODUCED IN FAC-SIMILE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

GREEN BAY & MINNESOTA RAILROAD Co.
TIMOTHY CASE President

March 7th 1878

A D Davidson Agt

Dear Sir

Your requisition of Yesterday is rec'd In reply I am surprised that you require so many pencils & Blotting Paper. I find just hard work to make demands for such things enough to supply an ordinary School district. One pencil will last me a year. What is fair or right I know no one

Yours Respt
Timothy Case

P.S. Your own future advancement depends on frugality

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT TIMOTHY CASE TO YOUNG DAVIDSON WHOSE WASTEFUL EXTRAVAGANCE IN "PENCILS & BLOTING PAPER" NEARLY COST HIM HIS JOB IN 1878

The way this was done makes a story in itself. Davidson had closed his purchase and was on his way from Toronto to Chicago, trying to think out a method of operation that would commend itself to Yankee farmers with sufficient force to get them into Saskatchewan at once, and in numbers.

To begin with, he had every confidence in the country and his own proposition, and knew full well the right kind of men would make good for themselves, if only he could reach that kind on a scale broad enough to create a real movement.

That was early in June, 1902. While a few hundred Yankee farmers had betaken themselves to Canada in the five years last preceding, beginning with forty-seven in 1897, there was no organized system, either of attracting or handling definite migration; and he deliberately placed himself in a position where such a thing was necessary.

Just how it should be gone about was the question to be answered at once.

The answer presented itself the next day, in Chicago, at a luncheon in the Union League Club, where he sat at table with a half dozen friends, all of them bankers. Someone spoke of his having bought a big tract of land "up north," and then another asked why he didn't let them in on some of these good things. He said he had no objection, but he was not drumming for partners. Then the first man suggested their going up north with him and looking around.

"All right, come along," said Davidson. "Come as my guests, if you like."

"When are you going?"

He had not thought of that, nor of any such thing as a party, but he answered at once, "On the fifteenth. I've a private car, with room enough in it."

They all said it would be a great trip, and joked each other about going; then the talk turned to other topics.

While they chatted, a project was rapidly forming itself in Colonel Davidson's head. He said no more then, but after luncheon he walked with his first questioner over to the bank, and going in with him, remarked:

"It seemed like a joke to those men, that trip to Canada. Did you mean it when you said you would like to go?"

He hadn't meant it, really, but inside five minutes he concluded it really would not be such a bad idea. Colonel Davidson had the car, and nothing would suit him better than to take the party with him.

"At my expense, both ways," he put in.

His friend concluded to go.

"There's your 'phone," said the Colonel. "Call up the others, and tell them it's an invitation."

TYPE OF YANKEE SETTLER COLONEL DAVIDSON BROUGHT TO THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

Within an hour all had accepted—and a few more. One car would not be enough. Davidson arranged with the Pullman people for another, and then went back to the bank and told his friend he would be glad to have him extend the invitation to his correspondents in the country. His friend rose to that, and got busy offering his country bankers the time of their lives. The country bankers accepted to a man. All the other Chicago bankers were similarly told to ask their correspondents, with a like response. The one car had expanded to eleven by the time the returns were all in, and the party, all bankers save a few newspaper men, left Chicago on the fifteenth as promised, in a special train of their own.

The idea was growing.

At St. Paul they were joined by a few local bankers. But the Western Bankers' Association happened to be in annual meeting just then, at Crookston, and Davidson got into touch with the bankers and the Chamber of Commerce at Winnipeg, with the result that the association as a body was invited to go up there with the Colonel and be entertained. They accepted, and filled so many more cars that the train had to run from St. Paul to Winnipeg in sections. The upshot was that about five hundred bankers, from all over the middle western states, were given a day or two of Winnipeg's hospitality, and then went west, still in that special train of three sections, to the place where the lands were, in the Saskatchewan Valley.

Not a word was said to any of them about buying land. They were Colonel Davidson's guests, out for enjoyment, and none of the people who helped him entertain them was permitted to talk business for a moment.

A. D. McRae, the Colonel's partner, who, like him, was a Glencoe boy and who, younger than the Colonel,

COLONEL ANDREW D. DAVIDSON AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY IN HIS TORONTO OFFICE

COLONEL DAVIDSON'S RESIDENCE

has also attained to a prominent place in Canadian offices, was much disturbed about what might happen to them in case nothing should come of it. Colonel Davidson told him not to worry, but to make the party happy. They spread out over the prairie and began to make discoveries for themselves. Those country bankers knew land when they saw it. A correspondent of the *London Times* was there with a camera. He began to be enthusiastic and take pictures. The Yankee newspapermen warmed up to the possibilities The city bankers promptly arrived at a belief that here was a great big opening. Within two or three days that excursion party without the slightest solicitation, had bought 180,000 acres. "The American Invasion" had taken tangible form.

The development and carrying out of the idea that originated in a chance remark at the Union League Club luncheon had cost the partners $100,000. But by the first month of the next year, it had sold 1,250,000 acres of Canadian land to people from south of the line, and the following summer saw thousands of settlers moving in and breaking for their first crop in the north.

For the bankers from the smaller cities of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, who had gone in with the party, became active and sincere propagandists as soon as they got back to their homes, and did not hesitate to commend to their friends and customers a purchase that had been good enough for their own money. The rest was comparatively easy work, in the details of organizing a system of agencies and sales. All America and most of Europe knows what followed.

That first memorable bunch of Yankee capitalists created an action that is

"Like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to increase itself."

The number of farmers passing from the States to the western plains has risen with every year that has followed. In 1909 they counted up to more than 90,000. It is fairly sure that this year 125,000 will come; possibly 150,000. So that in less than eight years that which began with good-natured chaffing across a luncheon

table has solidified into the growth of a new nation.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" To promote a nation is to touch the apogee of business invention.

And see how it happened: A casual remark found lodgment in the mind of a man alert enough to catch it, and strong enough to carry out, by instant means, the purpose it gave rise to; and so, a new nation is growing up, in power and prosperity.

The way the parts of that excursion plan dovetailed into each other may look like remarkably adroit diplomacy, since every party to it was put in the attitude of conferring a handsome favor upon others, without trouble or cost to himself. But it was less adroit than broad and simple, so that the end was reached by the shortest cut and all was done fairly, in the open light. It took a large-minded man, though, to see it, and to put it through.

Such men are fashioned to much honor, from their cradles. Davidson's was a crude one, on the farm his father had hewn from an Ontario forest, and his earlier days were hard, and hardy. People who knew him tell of his earnestness and industry even then, and the promise he gave of future usefulness. His old school teacher, Mrs. Mary Corneil, carries a vivid memory of the time when he was under her charge.

"He was a boy who always seemed to have a purpose in view in whatever he undertook," she says. "As a student he was very energetic and industrious, anxious to acquire knowledge for himself rather than to excel others. Had I never known of his subsequent career, I would have the feeling that he was filling a man's place somewhere."

Another of the neighbors at Glencoe, Isaac Rathburn, sounds the note that has dominated all Colonel Davidson's life, in this little incident.

"Whatever he was engaged in, he made the very best of. I remember when he was a boy going to school, he took care of a team of horses for a man near by, to pay for his board. He often drew my attention to the pride he took in seeing them look sleek." And Mr. Rathburn adds with unction, "Colonel Davidson is truly a self-made man, and he certainly made a good job of it."

It was the father of one of his schoolmates who gave him his impulse to fare forth from Glencoe. This gentleman's name was Nathaniel Currie, and he appears to have been a man of considerable affairs himself, being a member of parliament for that riding, a successful railway contractor, and the owner of the townsite. Andrew was in his nineteenth year then, and had taken a contract to haul twelve hundred cords of four-foot wood a mile and a half, and pile it eight feet high.

Mr. Currie came through the woods one day when he had almost completed this playful diversion, and handed him a good portion of common sense.

"Andy," said he, "you are a smart boy, and you have brains, but you are working too hard for one so young on something that offers no great reward. When you have finished it, get into something else. Go out into the world, and make a record for yourself."

In those days and that part of the country, going out into the world meant going to the States. In two weeks' time, the young man had handled the last stick in his contract, and was on his way. But years after, he had something to say to a western railway president about the way the company's wood was piled that showed he knew something about wood-piles. We will come back to that presently. A wise boy always remembers anything he has learned, and finds a way, some time, to make a use of it.

It was a long jump from the Glencoe contract to starting up the Fraser River Lumber mills, the largest plant of its kind in the Empire, or anywhere else, in the establishment of which—and its construction—Colonel Davidson had a leading share. He has today enormous holdings of standing timber, probably more than any other one man in Canada.

His first few years in the States were by no means easy going. He went to Wisconsin, and after a little, found

himself in Janesville, where there was a school of telegraphy. It was there his career actually began, for there the bent was given that shaped his subsequent activities. He attended the school, which was conducted then, as it still is, by Richard Valentine. They remember him there. What Mr. Valentine has to say about him now comes rather near being an illuminative biography.

"I think it was in the fall of 1873 that Davidson entered the Valentine school of telegraphy. He had worked in the Wisconsin pineries during the winter, and although he had some eight hundred dollars saved, he placed his money in one of our banks, and worked out of school hours for his board. Upon his graduation, I procured him a position as agent and operator for the Green Bay and Minnesota railway at Blair. There he put his eight hundred dollars at work by loaning it, buying produce from the farmers, and so on. I think he was at Blair about four years, and then removed to Minneota, Minnesota. There he opened a general store, grain and lumber business, and later on a bank.

"In my opinion, the fact that he was willing to work for his board in order that his little nest egg of eight hundred dollars would not be encroached on, tells the whole story."

It does, in a way, but something happened while he was at Blair that tells a little more. That was the time when it came out that he knew how to pile wood.

The president of the railway company was a fine type of the sort that ruled the roads in those days. He never let the slightest detail of expense get past him without scrutiny and criticism. His name was Timothy Case.

Under date of March seventh, 1878, Mr. Case wrote the young station agent a letter (herewith reproduced) complaining about a too lavishly extravagant use of lead pencils at Blair, naively observing that he himself made one lead-pencil last a year, and penning an after-thought, by way of caution, "your own advance depends on frugality."

If the dear old gentleman could have had knowledge of that hundred-thousand-dollar party of bankers, he would have whirled a few times in his grave, and died all over again. "Frugality" is a poor tool in empire-promoting.

One day when President Case stopped at Blair, on a trip over the line, he looked with the eye of discontent at a diminishing pile of cord-wood up towards the forward end of the platform. Wood was the common fuel for locomotives in those days. Young Davidson stepped forward and told him that the wood was piled in such a way that the company was paying for about ten per cent. more than it got.

The President looked at him as Bacchus may have looked at Eophon before seeing his way to a just opinion of him, and came to the same conclusion, "Put him by himself for awhile, and I'll know what to think about him."

"You get aboard this car, young man," said he, "and I'll soon find out whether you know what you're talking about."

At the next stop there was a similar stack of wood. Mr. Case walked him over to it.

"Now," said he, "show me what you mean."

Davidson pointed out that when cordwood is split in the log, it is quartered from the bark in toward the heart, so that a cross-section of a stick would show a triangular form, the outer side bearing the bark; and that where it was piled bark-side down, the sticks would not fit closely in, but leave spaces between them "that you could throw a dog through." The cord-measurements being four by four by eight feet, these spaces would stand for about one-tenth less wood than could be piled in the same dimensions if so reversed that the sticks would pack tight. He illustrated his point as he talked, by handling the sticks both ways, and proved that the company was getting only about nine-tenths of the wood it was paying for Mr. Case listened, and saw a light.

"You are appointed wood-inspector for this road, beginning right now," said he. A barren promotion, since it

brought more work without more pay, for he still had to keep on at Blair as station agent, and stuck there until he went to Minneota, as related by Mr. Valentine. When a railway in the seventies bought any part of a man's time, it bought it all.

But no two-by-twice Minneota was to confine his powers. It was not long before he began to buy and demonstrate the value of cut-over timber lands, and by that means redeem to profitable cultivation great areas that had been considered waste. To make this demonstration successfully and by actual practice, he bought and cleared a large tract in Minnesota, and stocked it and farmed it. Those old cut-over lands are producing now some of the heaviest crops grown in all North America.

This was only an extension of his work. He became interested in iron in the country back of Duluth, and always he was widening his banking interests. Years before he entered the Canadian prairies he had business enterprises of importance going successfully in many places, had found time to help organize the People's Church (undenominational) in St. Paul, and to interest himself as an active worker in the councils of the Republican party—though he had no political ambitions for himself. Except to serve as mayor of his city, he never held any office, but he was a delegate to the St. Louis convention of 1896 that declared the gold standard and nominated McKinley for the presidency.

That is to say, he never accepted any other civil office. But he held a commission in the Minnesota National Guard, serving on the governor's staff with the rank of colonel, whence the familiar military prefix to his name.

It was logical, if not automatic, that being busy with so many things which touched or overlapped the international line, he should have approached the Canadian field not only to the development of its agricultural interests, but as the ruling spirit in many going concerns. Before and after his inauguration of the Yankee movement, much of his money and time were engaged with Canadian industries. Without going into a chronology of his ventures, a partial list of them as they stand at present will show what he was doing, in many widely-separated localities.

Colonel Davidson is in the Saskatchewan Elevator Company; the Western Canada Flour Mills, Limited; the Virginia and Rainy Lake Railway and Lumber Company; the Zenith Furnace Company, Duluth; the Great Lakes Dredging Company, Chicago; the Fraser River Lumber Company, B. C.; the Columbia River Lumber Company; the Anacortes Lumber and Box Company, Washington; the Canadian Loans and Securities Company; the Winnipeg Insurance and Vessel Agency; the Canadian Northern Prairie Land Company; the Davidson & McRae Stock Farm, the largest farm in Minnesota; and he is president of ten banks.

There is a secret, rather a pretty one, in the way this one man contrives to handle so many and such divers things. He never bothers with anything small; he never worries, nor permits himself to be hurried; and he is simply a master of the art of choosing assistants. This last point is vital.

From the time he became his own master, in business for himself, Davidson has always been on the watch for capable young men, whom he places and trains and advances until they work with him even as the fingers of his own hands. He has a prodigious power of work himself, but he knows how to excite the same power in his young men, who thus multiply his own. And a mighty good thing it is, too, for those same young men, themselves.

It is a curious circumstance that there are more Davidsons among the bankers of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, than men of any other name. Colonel Davidson is primarily a banker, in the real sense; a born manager of money, with the gift of directing it into avenues of largest and most beneficial public use. He has three brothers, all of them bankers. His grandfather, in the north of Ireland, was a banker. His father chose Canada and farming, but he was

a most unusual man, of high character, keen intellect, and an avid love for work.

It is a truism that blood will tell, but Colonel Davidson's work is a notable illustration of it. From both his parents he derived those qualities that have given him dominance. His mother was Canadian Scotch, a well educated woman, descended from the stalwart McRaes of Glengarry. Thus her son is of the same Scots-Irish stock that produced Presidents Arthur and McKinley, and Mark Hanna, and has given to all America some of the best men it has had. Glencoe, where he was born, was a Scot settlement, Presbyterians for the most part, Covenanters for the rest; and that has always spelled hard common sense, will power, sobriety, and high thought. His mother saw that her four boys were given the best education the place and times afforded, and had no scruple in self sacrifice to that end. She fired Andrew's ambition and gave him sound counsel in all matters. When he left the farm to go to school at Glencoe she asked him to promise her that he would never drink whiskey and never smoke, and that promise he has steadfastly kept. He owes her much for those early inculcations of simple morality, cleanly ideals, prudence, and generosity—and no one could be more willing to acknowledge such a debt than he.

It is too early for a summing up of this most busy life. The close is too far away for that, and too much splendid work lies in the part which is yet to come.

Let no one think the story has been one all of laurels and bay, even since its scene changed from Blair to Minneota, years ago, for there have been reverses, and many hours that to a mind less firm in its own hold upon itself and its intents would have been filled with black doubt and poisonous worriment. If the average of success has been high, and the position attained is secure, it is because his character is of the cast that "in suffering all hath suffered nothing", and that "fortune's buffets and rewards hath ta'en with equal thanks". He has a healthy mind in a particularly healthy body. His mentality receives a joke as promptly as it rejects the toxin of anxiety. No man could have accomplished so much without the saving sense of humor, covering so granite a resolution as opposed to the shock of circumstance. That man who never errs in judgment or act, or who in carving out his own fortune has nothing but success, is not among this world's possibilities. But the man who, having taken a bump, can benefit by the lesson it may convey, and let the rest go, is pretty certain of a high place in the seats of security. It is a great thing to be able to realize that "what's past hope is past praying for," and then proceed to the next thing with unabated strength and the steady will to make that next thing go.

In saying this, I am trying to give a picture of the Davidson who is back of the man you see—of the man who looks out of Davidson's eyes and speaks through Davidson's lips—the real Davidson. Look at the photograph, and you see his strong exterior; but the outward and visible signs offer no more than an impression of the inward and vital force beyond, by whose works he is known.

"It is a singular thing," wrote Emerson Hough in "The Sowing", "it is a singular thing how, when the world needs a skeptic and a revolutionist, a scout in industry, that man, sometimes with small pomp and circumstance, usually appears." This was in speaking of the conditions in Canada when Colonel Davidson, against all accepted belief and in the face of expert finding reached out and laid hands upon lands in the contumeliously rejected Saskatchewan Valley. "No one would admit that an empire had lain hidden for two centuries. No one would believe that a plain man could in twenty minutes add a hundred million pounds to the wealth of Canada and the world. But in time this revolutionary truth no longer could be denied."

When all shall have been said, that colossal achievement will be the one by which Davidson's name will be carried forward through the times to come. Other men—though not so very many—have equaled his successes in finance

and industry; a few have surpassed them. But in the distinction of having found and forced forward a new country and new lands upon the strength of his own hard-gained knowledge, and with the calm courage of a fixed conviction, regardless else of all the world, and its opinions, he stands alone in his century, an unique and gigantic figure among the harbingers of destiny, the leader on trails along which millions have traveled and shall travel into new lands of great content. And as the years hang their filmy curtains over the receding view, that figure shall loom larger, but with outlines undimmed.

THE GARDEN OF YEARS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

I COUNT the years as roses
That bud and bloom and fade
And as each one uncloses
Another year is made.
They grow in one great garden
All patiently and slow
And time, the faithful warden,
Attends them as they grow.

I count the years as roses—
A petal for each day
To glow as it uncloses
And then be blown away.
The petals faint and wither,
The winds of winter run
To toss them there and hither,
And so the year is done.

And some are years to treasure,
And some to lose we're fain,
For some are sweet with pleasure
And some are thorned with pain.
But in the endless garden
The roses bud and blow
While Time, the faithful warden,
Attends them, all arow.

Trouble Among the Freaks

By W. D. Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS by ELSWORTH YOUNG

"LISTEN, son," said the old circus man, as we sat in the shade of the animal tent one sunny afternoon. "Listen at old Wallace roar."

From the other side of the canvas came the rumble of a discontented lion, 'swelling, then dying away to a growl.

"Old 'Wallace, the man-eatin' lion,'" said he. "Man-eater! He couldn't chew veal. Lost his teeth and lost his whiskers, long ago. I ketcht the keeper's little boy lickin' 'im with a rattan switch the other mornin', an' him backin' away an' whimperin'. He thinks he's a cat. Man-eater! Mph!

"Speakin' o' whiskers, the' was trouble enough in the show a few years back over the Bearded Lady's hursoot appendage. All the freaks was mixed up in it, specially the Arabian Goliath an' the Tattood Man. The Nova Scotia Giantess got into it through her husban', an'—nev' mind. I'll tell you.

"The Nova Scotia Giantess didn't have no use fer the Arabian Goliath because he was so big. She had a husban' that she'd have busted all to squash if she'd ever a' happened to sit down on him, he was so ord'nary an' small—an' this little runt of a man was stuck on the Bearded Lady.

"So was the Tattoo, as far as he was cap'ble o' bein' stuck on anything but booze. An' the Arabian Goliath was aiggin' the husban' to it on the quiet, in hopes that the Bearded Lady'd fall fer him, an' start somethin' bad fer the Tattoo. But she wouldn't. She was just as fonda rum as the Tattoo was, an' that made a kinduva bond of symp'thy between 'em, particularly seein' that the Tattoo useta keep 'er supplied. The Old Man was mighty strict about intawsticatin' liquors of all kinds, but I guess the Tattoo musta bin a pirut wunst, he was such a smooth contraband runner.

"An' when I say rum, I mean rum—

not plain booze like these here hawrble example temprunce guys thinks is rum, but the real old jooniperjuice from Medford, Massachusetts, or the trawpickle island o' Jamaiky.

"The Bearded Lady useta get boiled so hard after the night performance sometimes that 'er beard would stand out next day like every hair of it was charged with 'lectristy, an' on such awspicious occasions she was peevish to the pointa manslaughter. We found 'er one mornin' at rehearsal time swattin' the breakfast outuva canvasman, with the Tattoo circlin' round on the outside tryin' to get in a lick at 'im now an' then on 'is own account. The' was so much lyin' done when the Old Man heard about it that he discharged the canvasman in desperation, for he had to make a example outa somebody, an' the canvasman was a Swede that couldn't talk so anybody could understand 'im in his own defence. We never did find out what it was all about.

"The Arabian Goliath had a wife once, that was a vinegar-blooded little piece with a waist like a wasp. He coulda wore her fer a scarf-pin an' nobody woulda noticed, but she had a disposition like a gallon o' hornets, an' the way she useta keep him goin' always made me think of a yip-yap feist chasin' a ox.

"That was when his name was Willyum Good, an' him an her lived in Coburg, in a little house that didn't look much more'n big enough to make him a character-hat. It was before the Old Man discovered him, an' took him into the profession.

"I knew him in them days, because that little house belonged to a aunt o' mine that lived in Toronto. He was a awful loafer even then, an' when that sharp-nosed little wife o' his had run 'im till he felt as if his duty to himself compelled him to it, he would go out an' soak up the most soul-saturatin' souse yever seen. He was nigh onto eight feet long, an' three feet thick, an' it took a week's suction to get him filled up—an' *then* nawthin' never happened. He'd jest go to sleep, an' they'd have to carry 'im home to Missis Good an' shove 'im head-first into the front room through the front door, an' make a getaway before she'd got really started tellin' them what she thought of fellers that would do a thing like that. Jever try to do a married man a kindness?

"She useta pry 'im into bed somehow. 'Swonderful what some o' them little snipe females can do with a man. I couldn'ta lifted Willyum Good two feet in two years, but she done it every time—an' wunst too often. That was when she filled the sheets with dry bread crumbs an' table salt. Willyum always slumbered a coupla days when he got good an' stewed, an' when he come to after this time, he never stopped rollin' till he rolled off the pier. He wouldn't go home again, neether, but a punk frienda his sneaked his clothes to 'im, an' he hiked fer Rice Lake an' round by Peterborough an' got a job on the railroad, an' finally drifted east an' was workin' on construction down near Ottawa when the show come along an' I found 'im.

"'Printin'!' sez I to myself. 'He'll work up into a twelve-sheet, easy. Goliath, by golly! Great fer the moral towns.'

"Course I knew him the minit he comes on, carryin' a piece o' railroad iern that musta weighed a ton. He coulda lifted a box car from the track to a sidin' with one hand, while he looked the other way.

"It growed on me. I could see a forty-eight sheet stand with a picture o' the Goliath of Holy Writ chasin' ten thousand Philippines with the jaw-bone of a ass, an' killin' 'em off with great slafter. Put that up with starch paste two weeks aheada the show, an' you'd have every minister o' the gawspel in the hull county shooin' his flock to the ticket wagon. So I puts it up to the Old Man, an' Mister Willyum Good becomes the Arabian Goliath then an' there, at twenty a week an' cakes. First week after that, he hears his wife has died; an' darned if he didn't up an' sit down an' beef like a great overgrown lump of a boy, fer half an hour.

"'She was too good fer me,' he says. The big chump! If he'd a said she was too much fer him, he'd a rung the bell.

"Salways that way with a new-made widower, I've noticed, but they soon git over it, an' begin to look sideways at every piece o' dimity that drifts past the ring. They're worse'n the fellers that's never bin married, I don't care what tough luck they've had.

"That was what got 'im raw on the Tattoo. This here Tattoo was a Greek by the name o' Con-stan-to-no-police, or sumpn like that, an' he said he got lost wunst in a shipwreck off a Fee-Jee island near South America when he was a sailorman, an' the natives took a shine to 'im because they had jest et some o' their neighbors an' wasn't hungry, an' he had a anchor an' a heart an' a lot of other junk pricked in on 'is breast with colored ink, an' it caught 'em, because they was some on that style o' beauty treatment theirselves. So they set their best artists to work on 'im, an' covered 'im all over, back *an'* front, feet *an'* hands, face *an'* all, with the goldarndest close pattern o' color work yever heard of, till he looked like a human bolt o' thirty-cent fancy calico. That's how *he* got into the profession.

"He useta sit around in the freak tent—we don't have it the same way now, the business is gettin' so moth-et since we got the new kinda Old Men an' press agents—*an'* performers—an' they begun to cut the printin' down. He only wore a britch-clout, but his tattooin' was so strong you wouldn'ta known he wasn't dressed up in tights, first off.

"WHEN THE TATTOO JOINED, HE GOT THE WIMMIN—ALL THE GOOD LOOKERS"

"Well, anyhow. The Arabian Goliath had the big crush with all the wimmin, especially the little ones, before the Tattoo joined. He useta stand up alongside the Chinese Dwarf, with a high turban on an' high heels to his shoes, that his long robe hid, an 'y golly! he looked as if he was a mile high. An' he'd smile an' be real refined an' affable. The way he talked you'd think he didn't claim to be no better'n anybody else.

"An lie—Say! I heard 'im tell a bunch o' wimmin one day about his wife. They'd all ask 'im if he was married. Yes, my son, they'd all ask 'im that. Why? O, pickles!

"Well, this time that I overheard 'im tellin' about 'is wife, he handed 'em a line of 'magination that I'da liked to see our Old Man try out on the show's paper. He told 'em he had bin married, but 'is wife'd

"THE CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS COME PRETTY NEAR PULLIN' HIS HEAD OFF"

run away with a nigger singer an' took all his money what he'd brought with 'im from Arabia, where he was a prince on accounta what his great grandfather done to them Philippines, as recorded in the Sacred Tomes. An' that he wouldn'ta minded so much only she took his pet goat too, that the Sultan of Arabia had offered 'im ten thousand shekels o' silver fer, because that goat could talk. Said it had taken 'im five years to learn that goat to talk good English, an' no Sultan nor any other Oriental Potentate coulda bought it fer the price of a harem fulla Turkish Trophies. Said he'd never heard of her nor the goat since, an' so he'd give her up fer dead, an' got a divorce, an' was free, but lonesome. Whaddya thinka that, son? 'Magination? What? I hate a liar. He got so fulla that story that he wound up by believin' it himself, an' made it his regular spiel

"But when the Tattoo joined, *he* got the wimmin—all the good lookers. Goliath got the overflow, mostly kittenish things o' forty an' up. They was always a crowda pritty girls around old Con-stan-to-no-police, an' the funny thing was, the moraller the towns was, the more they was of 'em. What?

"Old Con was a sour brute. Nawthin' int'rested him much only the Bearded Lady an' cakes an' pay-day, an' sousin' himself nights. He always had rheumatism at the roots of 'is hair every mornin' an' he couldn't no mora smiled than he coulda changed his spots, like the leopard o' Scripture—only his spots was all curleycues, overlappin' each other.

"Goliath pretended to be soo-perior an' not mind about the Tattoo drawin' the wimmin, but inside it ground 'im like he'da bin eatin' powdered glass.

an' that's one reason why he tried to aig on the Nova Scotia Giantess's shrimp of a husban' to get up an imbrogglio with the Bearded Lady.

"Nawthin' woulda come of it, if it hadn'ta bin fer a faker that run a 'lectric machine in one o' the side-shows. Goliath an' the Nova Scotia Giantess an' the Bearded Lady was all too logy, an' old Con was too sour, an' the midget husban' o' the Giantess was too easy scairt. But this 'lectric feller was always tryin' experiments, an' *he* had to butt in.

"'The' ain't nawthin' 'lectristy won't do,' he useta say. 'It'll bring a dead man to life, grow hair on bald heads, an' secure you the affections o' the one you love.' That last thing was what caught on with the Giantess's husban'.

"This 'lectric graft was the kinduva machine where you take holda two handles an' can't let go unless the first jolt throws you clear across the tent or maybe out of it. I tried it wunst myself, an' I'da broke 'im in two fer what it done to me if he hadn't warned me fair—fer I felt as if every bone I got in me was shivered all to flinders at one crack. But the Reubs useta come up an' pay good coin fer it right along, to show off how strong they was. It licks me how far some people will go fer the sake o' vanity.

"'Don't you think fer a minit that I'm in this fer anythin' but the mazuma,' this 'lectristy man useta say. 'I gotta have capital fer a invention I got that'll turn this world upside down an' make me the richest man alive,' he'd say. Said this invention o' his would restore lost youth, reglate the features, an' take the pain outuva a dentist, but that woulda looked to me like destroyin' 'em teetotally, fer dentistry is the perfession o' hurtin' people.

"The' was a lot more he useta say about it. F'rinstance, that it would make heat so cheap you couldn't afford to burn shavin's nor coal if they was given to you fer nawthin', an' maybe that mighta bin right. Made me hawt enough, sample I got.

"Well, anyhow. This duck was always explorin' around an' tryin' to convince all the people in the show what a great man he was an' what he was goin' to do with 'lectristy when he got money enough to complete 'is invention. The Circassian Princess come pritty near pullin' 'is head off one day fer tryin' to get 'er to let 'im prove he could make her hair lay down. An' I certainly thought old Con would eat 'im alive, another time, fer sayin' he could run a 'lectric brush over 'im an' wipe 'is pattern off like it had bin put on with soap. But he got along fine with Mister Giantess, an' after a while I useta see 'em whisperin' by the hour, with their heads as close together as a paira love birds.

"'Squeer how things works out sometimes an' affects a lot o' people that ain't got nawthin' to do with 'em—innocent bystanders, as the papers say. Some slant'll hit the yearth entirely extraneous, an' the first you know there'll be innocent bystanders right in the middle of all kindsa trouble that they never knew what started. Here was that fool 'lectric man gone dip on 'is invention, an' that midget husban' gettin' actually stuck on the Bearded Lady. The Patagonian Boomerang Thrower was as innocent as a baby about it then, but it was started through him all right. You'll see.

"Goliath had put a idea into the midget husban's head, to cure the Bearded Lady's thirst. Not that she wanted to be cured, but the little rabbit was really gettin' dead in love with 'er—an' him with a wife already, big enough fer twenty. Only when the Bearded Lady had a bad head from the night before, she wouldn't stand fer 'im a minit. But when she was all right, she'd let 'im hang round an' do errands fer her, an' sometimes she'd be real sweet to him.

"Now, Goliath had straightened out after that time 'is wife had put the crumbs an' salt in 'is sheets an' wore his skin all raw. A Indian up at Fenella back o' Rice Lake had give 'im sump'n to put in 'is tea, an' when he woke up forty-eight hours afterwards he didn't want nawthin' stronger'n water, an' never hadn't since. He had some o' this knock-out drink-cure with him in case he might jump the ropes

"IF OLD GOLIATH AN' OLD CON AIN'T WHIRLIN' OVER AN' UNDER EACH OTHER ON THE GROUND, LIKE A GIANT CATHERINE-WHEEL"

sometime an' need it again. An' what does he do but offer part of it to Mister Giantess to give to this hursoot wonder.

" 'She won't never taste it,' Goliath tells 'im, 'an' it's a love powder too. Ever since I took it, years ago, I've bin fallin' in love consecutive, but otherwise it ain't done me nawthin' but good.'

"So this fool rabbit slips it into the Bearded Lady's tea that night in the supper tent, an' nobody knows only Goliath. But at the night performance, what does the Bearded Lady do but fall off'n 'er chair on the raised platform before the public, sound asleep, an' has to be carried out, him follerin'. Next I see o' him, he's in conf'rence with the 'lectrician. Said afterwards he wanted all the help science could give 'im to win the affections o' the one he loved, an' wasn't takin' no lone chances on Goliath's powder.

"That night, long about two o'clock, the hull show is waked up by the most awful odor o' burnin' hair. First we thought it come from the horse tents, but everything's quiet there an' in the animile cages. But finally we locates it in the freak quarters, by the noise that breaks out. Squeals an' grunts an' a sound like slapsticks, risin' like what the bandmaster at rehearsal useta call crashendo-bing, an'—say! Youghta seen it.

"The Bearded Lady was laid out there, snorin' away like the Seven Sleepers of Effingham in the Bi-bel, with a face that looked like two English muttonchops, an' not a hair on it! An' the Nova Scotia Giantess has that husban' o' hers across 'er lap, makin'

the noise that sounded like slapsticks, an' makin' it on him. He's doin' the squealin'.

"Over to one side the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower is quarrelin in habitant talk with the 'lectrician concernin' a five dollar bill, an' in front—Say! If old Goliath an' old Con ain't whirlin' over an' under each other on the ground, like a giant Catherine-wheel.

"It's all come out. Everybody's on, an' each is gettin' his, especially Mister Giantess. It took half the hands to get the bunch apart. It seems the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower has threw it into the 'lectristy man that insteada makin' hair grow on a bald head he can't take it off a face, an' then fer a joke—he was a funny Frenchman an' useta be the cut-up in a lumber camp on the upper Ottawa river—he puts it up to the 'lectristy man to try out 'is game on the Bearded Lady. This fits right in with what Mister Giantess wants him to do, an' when Mister Giantess goes an' tells him what he done to the Bearded Lady with that there dope, old 'lectristy sees 'is chance, and goes an' gets the Patagonian, so's he can win that five-spot off 'im. You see, he was playin' both ends against the middle. Out fer capital—Say!

"In the mean time the Nova Scotia Giantess thinks her husban' has got lost, strayed or stolen somehow, an' goes out to trail 'im, an' finds 'im tryin' to pull the 'lectristy man away from 'is awful work. An' old Con is runnin' contraband rum fer the Bearded Lady's relief when *he* comes into it, an' starts in to dust the floor with Mister Giantess.

"An' then Goliath turns up an' grabs old Con an' gives him so much to do he lets go of Mister Giantess, an' Missis Giantess gets good an' busy with 'er little husban', talkin' to 'im all the time about what'll come of 'is winsome ways an' fatal beauty if he won't let other wimmin alone. An' the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower an the 'lectristy man both claims the bet, the Patagonian insistin' that he never bet the 'lectristy wouldn't take a face off, but only the hair.

"Well, anyhow. The' was a regular society scandal over the hull thing, but old Con had done so much to Goliath an' Goliath had done so many things to old Con that anyone could see they was outa the show fer a coupla weeks at least, an' the Old Man fired 'em both. He said Con was a soak an' Goliath was a fool. 'This is a moral show,' he says, 'an' there ain't no room in it fer two sich degraded characters.'

"The 'lectristy man was arrested fer may-hem an 'got time enough for it to think out 'is old invention, I guess. The Bearded Lady had lost all her talents—never sprouted so much as a mustash again—an' that put *her* out, but the Old Man give 'er money enough to start a boardin' house in Halifax. The Nova Scotia Giantess (she was a real decent Irishwoman, from Cork), kep' on with the show until she died o' broiled lobster, an' then 'er husban' had to go to work.

"The funny thing about it all was when we found out that the Circassian Princess come from Iceland an' was married to the Patagonian Boomerang Thrower. We wouldn'ta known it at all if she hadn't a come in an' threw 'er arms around 'im an' cried fit to swamp 'is shirt-front fer fear he was goin' to be killed. They went back to Quebec, the end o' the season, on money they'd saved up.

"An' Goliath an' Con—they faded away, in op'sit directions, Goliath still lookin' soo-perior, an' Con dead sore. I seen 'em both afterwards, over in Europe, the time the Old Man took me along exhibitin' before the Crowned Heads.

"I tell you, son, them Crowned Heads is great doin's, an' I—but as my friend Woodyard Kindling says, that's another story."

THE MIDDLE MILE-POST

BY GEORGE F. BUTLER, A.M., M.D.

IT HAS been said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but in fact, it is better to be born tough than either.

You have probably lived to your present degree of maturity, owing more to the inheritance of a good constitution than to any special carefulness upon your part, and with your experience and evident toughness of physical fibre, there is no reason why you should not live to be a hundred years old, and live a graceful, healthful, happy, helpful, useful life, too, up to the last.

It has been truly said that every individual is either a personal "physician" or a fool at forty; in other words, that he has, through the hard school of experience, learned how to live, how to husband his resources, his physical and mental capital, and how to avoid the things that put his equipment below par and invite disease, or else he has not.

You surely know now, if you did not before, that the body is but a delicately adjusted machine, with furnace attachment for furnishing heat and force as well as the power of repair, recuperation and protection against outside danger.

As an intelligent engineer you know, or should know, that the best service can be gotten from your engine by close care in selection of fuel, the delicate adjustment of proper quantity, the furnishing of pure oxygen and perfect draft for its proper consumption and the removal, at proper times, of the ashes of combustion and clinkers.

Your body, a most delicately-balanced and intelligent mechanism, must be kept in perfect sympathy with your mind, its divine director; you must realize not only the power of mind over matter, but of matter over mind. Being, as you are, on the brow of the hill, the highest peak of your life's mountain; resolve, if you would remain long there, to so live as to maintain a steady nerve, a clear eye and a keen appreciation of the advantages you have gained.

Your life has no doubt been one of toil—all the better for that. You have had your cares, burdens, anxieties, worries, sorrows and afflictions, and you have risen above them; possibly you are confronting some now that seem greater than you can bear, but don't waver; brace up, stir up your courage, shut your teeth, determine if strenuous endeavor will win, win you must.

Have you apparently failed? Not a bit of it. Let no such word as fail be in your vocabulary.

Have you succeeded? Has the wave of prosperity come your way? If so, go right on with your work, but in a modified way. When you get on the shady side of easy street, don't retire and put yourself on a shelf, but be willing to put on the brakes, and realize that it is the part of wisdom, as we approach maturity, to be satisfied, to do a little less of everything and to do it better. Keep in the harness, but adjust the harness in such manner as to make it bear a little easier on all your parts. Cultivate skill in moving along the lines of least resistance and in putting on the brakes.

If some severely theoretic doctor has pronounced your doom, and told you that you are the victim of organic incurable disease, or your heart's action is irregular, don't worry, but with greater care than ever adjust yourself to your work; be cheerful, hopeful and remember that the elect can't draw the perfect line of demarcation between functional disturbance and organic disease. Remember, too, your vital organs, like every other machine, even if crippled, by judicious living and management may be made to do good work for a half century. All organic diseases are

amenable to treatment, management, and in many cases even cure, unless their victims become pessimists by falling into the hands of physicians who ought to have been funeral directors rather than doctors.

After forty, remember you must eat less (about half as much as during the growing period, and we grow until we are thirty), and eliminate more—and the greatest eliminator we have is water—drink more water—enormous quantities of it and keep the "peristaltic wave of prosperity" constantly moving down the alimentary canal. Through the drinking of large quantities of pure water you oppose autoinfection, self-poisoning, and prevent Bright's Disease, and coupled with the proper selection of diet and outdoor exercise, you eliminate uric acid poisonings and accumulations from your body as well as the headaches, crying nerves and jaggedly jumping joint pains, the forerunners of a crippled heart, and rigid, brittle, breaking arteries.

Avoid too much meat (eat only two meals a day), starchy food, pastry and sweets. Meat once a day is all sufficient.

What is diabetes? A disease due to dangerous disturbance of metabolism (or tissue building or repair)—its treatment, proper diet. Within limits then, a modified diabetic diet is good for you in order to prevent such disorders.

What is Bright's Disease? Crippled or overworked kidneys on a strike, caused in the majority of cases by excess of meat eating, mental worry and pessimism, and its remedy and preventive is less flesh, less fret and fume and more fruit and fun. Eat fruits free from sugar—lots of vegetables free from starches and sugar, such as cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, saurkraut and asparagus.

Drink milk! buttermilk, cider, lemonades; coffee or tea not oftener than twice a day; alcohol "durned" seldom, better never at all.

Mingle with nature all you can, and indulge in cross country walks or rides on horseback, for the outside of a horse is a splendid thing for the inside of a man, and oxygen is the best stimulant to excretion repair in the world.

Get at least nine hours' sleep in twenty-four hours, sometime during the day, if not at night. A short nap immediately after dinner is often of service. Remember as you grow older, you need more sleep.

Yes, as you advance in maturity you need to know the importance of proper exercise: every muscle and part of the anatomy must be worked in order to maintain its functions. As the unused door hinge and lock become rusty and useless, so, too, with various parts of the animal mechanism. Proper exercise is essential, but you must have due regard for rest and rest at proper time.

Let me urge upon you the thought that a worker in any field, whose age is near either the shady or the sunny side of fifty, should consider himself in his prime, good for another half century of temperate, judicial work.

Henry King has observed: "However much men may distinguish themselves before they are fifty-five, they should then be better qualified for better work than they have previously done. Their triumphs do not convey the idea of completion so much as that of preparation. They have become well versed in the philosophy of success; they are masters of the situation by virtue of their experience; they are on friendly terms with fate because they have not failed to draw a profit from the things they have seen. The accumulation of years counts affirmatively and not negatively with respect to the ability of such men to promote the public interests, and protect society against the errors of pretenders and expretenders. They are not old men except in seniority and practical wisdom, and in contrast with those who have yet to learn the beneficial lessons that only time and stress can impart.

"It is absurd to say that they lag superfluous, when in fact they are at the zenith of their power. The fire does not burn as brightly in their case as it once did, to be sure, but the moderate glow is steady and well directed, and there is more to be expected from it than from the eager and unrestrained flame which is all promise with no assurance of performance."

While heredity is of importance, bear

in mind that the deficiencies of heredity can be made up by correct living. Given an individual with a poor inheritance, a fair physique and intelligent appreciation of the laws of health, who governs himself, and he is a safer risk for a life insurance company than one with an ideal heredity and equipment, who is careless and reckless.

One of the brightest and best men in America to-day, a man who until recently earned a salary of $50,000 per year as the manager of a great railway system, and who yet seems to have more leisure to travel, make after-dinner speeches, etc., than any other man in America, who is past seventy years of age, affirms that he is now able to do more and better work with less fatigue than at any other time in his life. His career has been a busy one, with a constant drain upon his energies, but it has not yet made an old man of him. The record of multiplied years in his case does not carry with it the penalty of exhaustion and superannuation. It has been afternoon with him for twenty years, and still it is not sun-down. He has trained himself to do a maximum of service with a minimum of effort; he knows how to concentrate his mind upon the essentials and to dismiss the non-essentials with a smile. Indeed, there can be no question that men who use their minds—in other words, brain workers, in consequence of the discipline through which they have passed, are better equipped for longevity than others. An enormous list could be given which would demonstrate the truth of this statement.

No one has outdone Michael Angelo in old age. Humboldt ceased at eighty-five, but we find Angelo reaching further on and touching the verge of ninety.

At seventy-one he drew his design for the rebuilding of St. Peter's, and superintended that work until he was eighty-nine years old, when he died. And during the first four years that he gave to the design, which has been a revelation of genius to all who have seen it, he painted his masterpiece, "The Conversion of St. Paul." In the ten years preceding, he did "The Martyrdom of St. Paul" and the "Last Judgment."

Stradivarius made his last violin in 1736, when he was ninety years old. His sight failed at eighty-five, but he still made fiddles. At almost one hundred this man, who had never known rest, and who at the same time had never worked excessively, spent one year doing nothing and then died. It will be noticed that he held out two years longer than Michael Angelo. De Beriot is said to have owned the last violin made by Stradivarius, which he thought the finest instrument in the world.

It is interesting to know that reliable students and observers are convinced that the progress of brain science will enable mankind to successfully oppose decay and almost overcome its climax, death, favoring the thought that death at seventy years or thereabouts is due to the fact that generation after generation is born into the world expected to die at that time, and that therefore they die at that age. There can be no doubt that if children were brought up to believe they would live indefinitely, in the course of several generations the life limit would gradually be extended.

As you grow old you need to know that you will remain young if you keep the heart young, and this you can do by mingling with the young. All who have seen Sara Bernhardt, at an age past sixty years, have marveled at the youth that glowed in her face and permeated her lithe and willowy form. When asked for the secret, "I have my art," she replied, "I work, work, work. In work I take my greatest pleasure. It is a tonic; a delicious preventive of age. I sleep, and I never drink wine. I act. There you have it all."

This is the very concentration of wisdom, enthusiasm, work and sleep; these are the trinity, making and keeping men and women always young, and always useful, and let it be remembered that enthusiasm and joy in work is of most valuable import, and we can, if we will, cultivate enthusiasm for our work. Truly the worker is happier than the idler at all times, even though the latter be possessed of millions. M. Huret once asked Baron Alfonzas de Rothschild whether he thought that

wealth brought happiness, and in answer the millionaire said: "That would be glorious. Happiness is something that people toil for. I suppose," he added, reflectively, "some advantages do attach to money, or people would not give themselves so much trouble to acquire it, but believe me, the truest source of happiness is work." It will be noted the world over that the world's greatest workers, who give attention in a reasonable way to the laws of health, are much more apt to live to an advanced age than the drones. People of advancing years who try to look young in the social world retain their youth by so doing. Let grandma wear bright ribbons and gaudy gowns, if the colors become her, and grandpa be as dudish as he pleases with flashy neckties and cheerful garb; both will be younger for it, and besides, it is in harmony with nature. The trees take on their brightest colors as the winter of their lives draws near. The older one becomes, the more one should avoid dark and sombre hues, and this includes the capillary covering of the heads of both sexes. Gray hair is honorable, that which has been dyed is an abomination before the Lord.

Cultivate thankfulness and cheerfulness. An ounce of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Cultivate to the last the ability to love, realize to the ullest that the greatest thing in the world is love. Be like the Curate of Olney, who said of himself, that he could live no longer than he could love. Without love there is no joy in life. As you grow older you will realize the need not only of work, a proper physical and mental occupation, but of play, recreation and study. Let the work be as far as may be in the direction of helping others to help themselves. Nothing keeps one young like thinking of and having sympathy for others. Canon Farrar was quite right when he said: "We often do more good by our sympathies than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever hope to by straining efforts of personal ambition. The world ever gives us freely that which we give to it. As Shakespeare puts it, consider the capacities of those who are young and do not measure the heat of their livers with the bitterness of your own gall.

No sweeter epitaph was ever written than one noted, I think, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a tribute by an aged husband to his life companion, viz.: "She was so pleasant." Yes, like the author of the first epistle to the Corinthians (which, by the way, is the sweetest love-letter ever written by mortal man or woman), determine to grow old gracefully along the lines of love. "It will be remembered," says Drummond, "that in the beginning love was not the strongest point of Paul, indeed his hand was stained with blood; but the observing student can detect a beautiful tenderness growing and ripening all through his character as he gets old, inspiring the same hand to write, 'And now abideth faith hope, love these three, but the greatest of these is love.'" As we grow old let us not forget that "we shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

With Henry Van Dyke, determine to go forward, and to be glad of life, because it gives you a chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourselves until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of God; and to spend as much time as you can with body and spirit in God's out-of-doors. Follow these little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace, and may the good God love you and keep you in the hollow of His hand.

THIS IS WHERE WE ESTABLISHED OUR PIONEER STORE

KEEPING STORE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

BY WALLACE FINCH AND L. DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THREE PARTS

PART TWO

REST after travel is pleasant. And our journey of more than three weeks had not been taken in a palace car. But the trail beckoned us on. So Sunday morning we packed our horses and said good bye to Swift, his copper colored wife and children, the grain fields and the corrals under the mountains.

Straight down the valley of the Athabasca we plodded, passed the site of old Henry House, then turned to the right up the Myett River Valley. From our camp we had a long walk for water up over a steep hill then down again to a little lake. Jim and Frank took one look at the clear water, dropped their water pails and began to fish, pulling in trout after trout until they had thirty on their string. Meanwhile Will, from a vantage point on the top of the hill, was watching a pretty phase of bird life.

The spring was now so far advanced that the young had feathered out. From a nest at the very top of a tall tree half way down the hill, out flew a large bird, followed timidly by a small one who uttered frightened little cries and hurried back to the nest. The mother floated about with a graceful sweep of wing as if giving the little one an object lesson, then sailed back to the nest with an encouraging cry. Over and over again with tireless patience the lesson was repeated until the young bird gained a degree of confidence, then, as the sun sank below the peaks mother and child disappeared into the nest for a well earned rest. Two hours later we too went to sleep, gorged with trout, a great treat after nearly a month of bacon and ham.

We earned our supper before we camped the next night. The spring freshet was still running in the Myett so that the ford to the good trail was impassable and we had to take the "high water" trail, a rocky winding way, often through dense woods. At one point we had to stop and cut out fallen timber which blocked our road. Several of the packs loosened and had to be readjusted. One of the horses jumped straight through his packing gear, saddle, pack ropes and all, but fortunately was caught before he damaged either himself, us, or the packs. The trail led over many fallen rocks—a good pack horse is almost as sure footed as a cat—but on a large smooth one Will's horse slipped backward throwing him onto the rocks and partially falling upon him. His cry brought Frank who found him stunned by the shock and the fright—for a horse seems as big as a hippopotamus when it looms threateningly above you to crush out your life. Fortunately, Will got off with the scare and a lame shoulder. We camped at Dominion Prairie, a charming, sunshiny spot with the river rushing by like Niagara rapids, not so expansive but suggestive of them. Across the valley fir-covered mountains stretched miles and miles in both directions, while up the stream we could see the Yellowhead Pass.

In the morning we found a watch, but of no great value, just a reminder of the unseen men who had crossed ahead of us, a little break in the loneliness of the wilderness. It was a bright warm morning and Frank caught some good views of the mountain at the Pass. A porcupine, the first we had seen, stepped out into the trail and ambled along in front of us looking like a small bear. Finally it climbed a tree and watched us file past. Toward noon we forded the Myett, passed some huge moss-covered rocks, plunged into deep woods, and were at the Summit.

Right at the water shed, on the very backbone of the continent stood a blazed tree on which was this record:

T 72—3681.71
M 75—3746.71
Sept. 6, 1875

The two heights named must mean calculations made from levels east and west of the mountains. As we looked back and forth through the woods of the Pass we wondered if those engineers who made the inscription more than thirty years before had found traces of pioneers who had been before *them*. It is a difficult feat to accomplish, to be absolutely the first white man to set foot on any part of the globe. We studied the record again. The top of the continent at less than four thousand feet! Were those old men—though they must have been sturdy and young to be able to make such a trip in those days—were those men as impressed as we were with the smallness of the figures, the ease with which an engine could haul a train over the divide at such a low point? As we stood by the tree it did not seem like a "divide" at all, right and left the ground stretched away apparently level, and we reflected that in several hundred miles we had risen less than two thousand feet. However, a little further on we crossed the dry bed of a creek which carries the overflow of the Myett westward while the main river sends its waters to the Atlantic—we were on the Pacific slope.

Soon before us we saw the waters of Yellowhead Lake sparkling in the sunlight, and that afternoon we camped close by its shore at "The Narrows" where the lake contracts like the body of a wasp. It was a beautiful situation and we took some photographs looking back across the water toward the summit of the Pass where the mountain ranges almost meet. Yellowhead Lake empties into the Fraser but we left the stream on our left and followed the trail to Moose River, a tributary that empties into the big river just above the widening called Moose Lake. We passed close to the lake along a particularly hard trail either blocked by rocks and windfalls or deep in sand and gravel along the beach. One horse, Bob, gave out and had to be left on the trail for the night. But the beauties of the way increased with its difficulties. Late in the afternoon the sun behind the clouds glorified their upper edges above a crescent of peaks at the end of the valley, while

two great sentinels guarding the flanks of the semicircle were clothed in dark mysterious mist. At seven o'clock the second day from the summit we camped some distance below Moose Lake on the Fraser River itself, and we felt we were nearly at our journey's end, for Tete Jaune Cache was on the Fraser only two days below us.

So the next day we rested. Bob was brought in and rubbed down while Will lay on the hillside dozing and dreaming over the valley and the river, beyond which stretched green woods backed by snow-capped peaks. It was showery the next morning before we started but soon there was sun and a blue sky flecked with wonderful fleecy clouds, here and there one trailing below a peak like a filmy veil drawn across the face of the mountain. The whole landscape was marvellously fresh. Green hills, above which rose snow clad points glistening against the sapphire sky, little brooks brawling clear and cold over their stony beds, the Fraser, at times quietly reflecting the emerald of the sunlighted foliage, then breaking into foam as it rushed tumbling through a gorge. We needed the beauty of that mountain valley to help us over a hard and at times a dangerous trail, at one point simply a narrow ledge on the face of a cliff of rock. At last we descended to a delightful camping place called Little Prairie, a green meadow deep in rich grass for the horses to feast on, and for us an eye-filling view of the serrated bastions of Mount Robson, the giant of them all.

WE SET OUR WATCHES BY THE SUN DIAL, THE TOWN TIMEPIECE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

A BLAZED TREE RECORDS THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE BACKBONE OF THE CONTINENT, THE SUMMIT 'TWIXT TWO OCEANS

OUR LAST BIG FORD AT GRAND FORKS, THE DAY WE REACHED TETE JAUNE CACHE

The following morning we jumped up with alacrity and pushed on with renewed vigor, up and down hill, through seemingly impenetrable forest till about two o'clock when we emerged upon the Fraser—we had arrived at Tete Jaune Cache! It did not look like the metropolis of a country three hundred miles in diameter—just a clear space near the river trodden and scarred by former camps while some distance back the tops of a few tepees appeared above the bushes. While we were unloading and putting up the tent the whole population, about a score of half breeds, gathered on the hill close by and watched us intently. It was an unstudied grouping and Frank tried to get a picture, but as usual they melted away before the camera.

Bright and early next morning Jim and Frank were off with packs on their backs for a short prospecting trip. Will was left alone. Alone with the mountains, a few half breeds with whom he could not talk, and the smoke from a single white man's camp across the river. But before night the loneliness was broken by the arrival of two prospectors who hired an Indian to take them across the river to their partner. Will dug a vegetable garden and practiced cooking till Jim and Frank returned. Then we had a conference on the best location for our permanent store. The railway was to pass on the other side of the river but for the present travel would be mainly along the trail so we decided to stay where we were, as customers would have to be taken across to the other side in a canoe and Will was hardly strong enough to handle a paddle in the swift current, the Indian, of course, being quite unreliable. Nevertheless we bought a canoe. The price was ten dollars and the Indian wanted the amount in bacon and flour. He could not understand prices so Will just weighed out ten pounds of bacon at sixty cents and ten pounds of flour at forty. It was such a little package that we were almost ashamed to hand it to him and were not surprised when he shook his head and refused to accept it. We offered him the cash which he also refused, then ended by taking it. He broke into it by buying three little bunches of sulphur matches fastened together at one end for forty cents. We had made our first sale!

It took several days to finish the store building, Jimmie and Frank cutting and setting the logs while Will dug out and leveled the floor, but on June twentieth it was finished, a small

affair chinked with moss and closed by a heavy door with a strong lock to protect our stock. That evening Frank carried *one* bundle from the tent to the log house and closed the door remarking that he "liked to move on Thursday." Later it dawned on us that he felt superstitious about moving on Friday! Four days later Donald McDonald arrived with a half breed, a young white man, and a long string of pack horses bringing a large part of our stock which we checked off and packed away in the store. The new building with the tent beside it stood on higher ground facing the south and the river which here flows east and west. About twenty-five feet from the door ran the trail with a grove of trees between it and the river and on each side open landing places of which the Indian used the left hand or eastern one for his canoe while we launched ours at the western one. It was a pleasant and convenient location and as the summer wore on Will fenced off a yard, planted flower seeds and established a regular fire place and chopping block so that we looked quite ship-shape and business like.

The life of the frontier began to ebb and flow through the Cache, now a party of prospectors, now a timber cruiser and occasionally the larger parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific survey. Soon after our building was finished a number of prospectors held a meeting and appointed Will Mining Recorder as he was the only permanent citizen in the "town" of Tete Jaune Cache The laws provide for such action by a community of miners and it is a great convenience to them as it saves a long journey to an established office within the prescribed time limit, but the Recorder thus appointed gets no fees, he is simply a medium through whom the records and fees go to headquarters.

By this time there were quite a number of camps scattered about near us. All were more or less deserted as their owners came and went over the mountains for mining claims or down the river to stake timber limits. Some evenings a large party would gather about Will's fire in the long northern twilight talking and whittling, but on other nights he would eat a lonely supper and go early to bed under the mosquito net in the tent. He struck up a friendship with a young divinity student who with his brother had been sent out to watch the interests of a company which was financing an experienced prospector. Perhaps the

SOME DUSKY VISITORS AT OUR FIRST FENCE

bond that held Will and young Burnett together was the fact that they were the two "tenderfeet" of the community. Burnett distinguished himself by mistaking his own horse for a bear and shooting it, and all the old timers were laughing over his naive account of meeting with a cub "which he could have gotten if he had only had his gun." The prospectors in brief but forcible language drew a picture of the mincemeat that would have been left of Burnett after the old mother bear heard her cub squeal.

Jim and Frank were gone most of the time, sometimes with one party, sometimes with another, usually alone. Will led a busy, but quiet life. He kept the store, hoed the potatoes and hilled the beans, weeded his flower bed, smudged the horses when the mosquitoes grew too thick, chopped fire wood, learned to cook, and did the thousand and one things that fall to the lot of the one who stays at home. The constant exercise and the bracing air began to have a beneficial effect upon his health and with returning strength came a wish for more than a vicarious interest in the tales told about the evening fire. His friend young Burnett was taking his chances with the hardened pioneers—why not he? Will longed for an adventure. But when it came—

To be continued

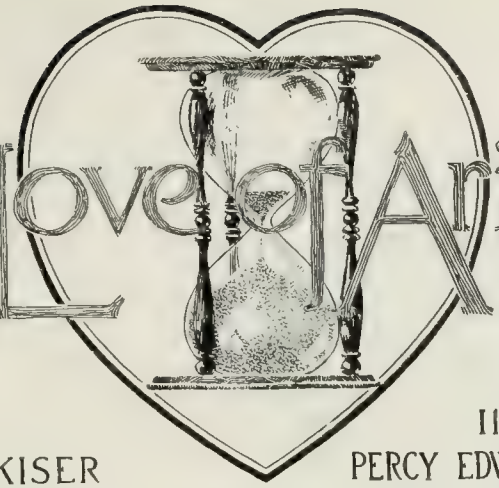
APRIL SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

WE loitered through the orchard-lands,
The wind a-blowing free,
My lad and I together,
And the birds in every tree.
'Twas sweetheart this and sweetheart that
And none so fair as I,
But that was April-year-ago,
And what's the use to cry?

'Twas none so true and none so sweet,
And all the world was rose,
And all the apple-trees were out
As every lover knows.
The bluebirds nesting in the branch
Were not a tithe as gay,
But that was April-year-ago,
And oh, 'tis long till May.

For Love of Ariadne



By SAMUEL E. KISER

Illustrated by PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

"NO, Mr. Truckgarden, I—"

"Throckmorton is my name, Mrs. Lewis."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I have such a poor memory for names. But I don't see what right you have to talk to me as you do, and I wouldn't care if Henry Galpin had a million dollars or was as poor as a missionary. If he isn't old enough to take care of himself by this time it's a pity, for I must say that I never saw a man of his years who looked younger, although it's no compliment to me that he hasn't pined away and died, as he said he would fifty years ago next May."

She drew a deep sigh while Benjamin Throckmorton drummed uneasily on the arm of his chair.

"I believe," he said, "you and my father were friends in your younger days?"

"More than that," she replied, looking at him through misty eyes, "and I don't wish to speak unkindly of the dead or want anybody to think that I wasn't as true and loving a wife to Simeon Lewis as any man ever had, but it was a sin that we had to part the way we did—I mean Henry and I—because our parents broke it up on account of getting into a quarrel over a foolish lawsuit, and I was only seventeen, so, of course, I couldn't do as I pleased, although he offered to wait a year, but as long as I saw that it was going to break my mother's heart, and his father threatening to cut him off in the will, we both gave in, and when my son fell in love I told him to marry the girl if she'd have him, though she wasn't the one I'd have picked out, but she's made him a good wife. I will say that for Lucy."

"I hope," Mr. Throckmorton replied, after drawing a long breath, "that you won't think I have any personal objection to your marrying my father-in-law. It is on my wife's account that I have come to try to place the matter before you in a reasonable light. You see—"

"I suppose you think it's unreasonable for him to have cared for me all these years, and perhaps my son and his wife say the same thing about me, for that's what people's children always say when they get the idea that their parents ought to sit back in corners and be nobodies, and he's not as bald as you are, this very minute."

She indulged in a little sob while Benjamin Throckmorton looked away into space and admitted to himself that he couldn't blame his father-in-law for continuing to love the lady. She was well preserved and possessed much of the beauty that had made her remarkable as a girl.

"My wife," he ventured at length, "feels that it is her duty to look after him in his old age and see that he is made happy. As far as I—"

"Does she think he will be abused and unhappy if he marries me?—me that he has waited and hoped for all

these years, knowing that my heart was always his from the day we parted, and I remember it as if it had been yesterday and how his boots squeaked, being new, as he walked away and left me standing there knowing I could never learn to love anyone else in this world, although I was always true to Simeon, and if there is such a thing as the one that's gone before waiting on the other shore I shan't be afraid to meet him there, leading Henry by the hand, for Simeon always was a man who could listen to reason, and who knows that he may not be happy there at this minute with someone that he loved all his days and never let me know about, or it may be that she isn't dead yet and he's waiting for her, as impatient as he used to get when I couldn't find my rubbers, though I don't wish you to think that he was ever ungentlemanly about it, for he never spoke a cross word to me before strangers, which is one reason why I had a lamb put on his tombstone, although I always preferred cherubs myself, but the marble man had a lamb on hand, and I've often thought since that he wasn't honest about it, for the head looks a good deal too big for the rest of it, but if Simeon can look back he must know that my intentions were the best."

"I am to understand, then," said Mr. Throckmorton, as he edged toward the door, "that you decline to—to—ah—enter into any agreement that there shall be nothing further between you and Mr. Galpin?"

"You can understand it that way if you want to, for I am not going to do anything to wreck Henry's happiness again, if I can help it, although if he wishes to give me up, that's another thing, but it seems too bad that people who have waited as long as we have can't do as they please, even in their old age, for it was hard enough to have our parents interfere in the first place, and I suppose if we gave in to our children now and should live to be a hundred years old our grandchildren would be the next to stop our hearts from beating as one, though Henry thinks it's fate, but I don't believe there is any such thing, and if people would always mind their own affairs and leave others to be happy if they could the world would have few troubles, not counting such things as sciatica and rheumatism, and it isn't as if some young woman was trying to get him for his money and making him think she loved him because he was so handsome, although I will say for Henry that I think he has too much good sense to ever let any girl twist him around her finger."

When she was alone again she sat for a long time with her chin resting in her palms and a dimness in her eyes that was not due alone to her sixty-seven years.

Her daughter-in-law came home presently and anxiously asked what was the matter.

"That Truckgarden man has been here and he insulted me," the widow replied.

"The truck garden man? How did he insult you, and what did he come here for?"

"He said it was all on account of his wife, but he's in it as deep as the rest of you, and there's no use talking about it, for you're all against us, and—"

"Mother, I haven't any idea what you mean. I don't know any truck garden man, and I can't understand why you should think I would have anything to do with such a person. If he mentioned my name he did so without—"

"Oh, he didn't mention you at all, and you know who I mean—Henry Galpin's son-in-law—and he wanted me to make a promise that—that—"

She turned her back upon her son's wife and permitted her feelings to ooze into her handkerchief.

Mrs. Throckmorton was distressed and indignant when her husband informed her of the result of his interview.

"Why," she complained, "should people of their age want to get married, anyway, and if she outlived him she'd get the money our children ought to have and leave it all to those horrid Lewises."

"I don't see what we can do," her husband admitted.

"If we could only get him to go away

"I HOPE," MR. THROCKMORTON SAID, "THAT YOU WON'T THINK I HAVE ANY PERSONAL OBJECTIONS TO YOUR MARRYING MY FATHER-IN-LAW"

somewhere—Benjamin! Why can't you take us all over to Europe? I could keep him there till he gave up his foolish idea."

"Europe? Oh, yes, that's easy. It's the simplest thing in the world for a man to tell his clients to take chairs and make themselves comfortable, while he skips over to Europe with his family. To tell you the truth, Stella, I'm about ready to throw up my hands and let Nature take her course. I'm half sorry for both of them. First their parents kept them apart, and now their children are interfering. It seems to me that it wouldn't be any more than fair, as long as they love each other after all these years, to let them have their own way."

Mrs. Throckmorton accused her husband of being disloyal to their little ones and appealed to his sense of shame with such earnestness that she soon had him won back to the cause which was dear to her heart. He even took the trip to Europe under advisement.

While they discussed the matter, Henry Galpin half crouched behind the door of an adjoining room and listened. He was a slender old man with a kind, thoughtful face, and might have been taken for a superannuated college professor rather than for one who had made a fortune in business. In truth he had always been more of a student than a merchant and it was commonly understood by those who knew him that his success had been due to the sagacity of his associates more than to any commercial shrewdness of his own.

Having listened to the planning of his daughter and her husband, he stealthily returned to his room and thought the matter over. He blamed himself now for not having married Mrs. Lewis without saying anything about it to his children, but regret was unavailing. He realized that, and decided at last to take immediate action.

Slipping unobserved from the house and feeling very much like a criminal escaping from justice, he hurried away to meet his sweetheart, in accordance with an arrangement they had made the day before. There was in the park a certain seat on which she had promised to be sitting at that moment and eagerly he hurried toward it, to find reclining there a colored nurse who was taking care of three-year-old twins. With undisguised anxiety he walked up and down the path half a dozen times, after which he offered the twins some pennies and asked the nurse if she had seen a lady who seemed to be looking for a gentleman.

"I seen lots a' ladies," she replied, "and I s'pose most of them was lookin' foh gemmen. That's what ladies mos'ly is lookin' foh, ain't it?"

MRS. THROCKMORTON ACCUSES HER HUSBAND, WHILE — —

"Ah, yes, very likely," said Mr. Galpin; "but the lady I refer to is a most beautiful lady—a lady with eyes that seem to be melting and with a voice that sounds like the sweetest music."

"My conscience, no, I ain't seen no lady like that round heah nowhere. I reckon I'd like to heah that kind of a voice, but if I seen a lady's eyes meltin' I'd be sure scared."

"Henry!" cried Mrs. Lewis, hurrying toward him.

"Ariadne, my darling," he answered, catching her outstretched hands, "I had begun to fear that you would not come. They are plotting to take me away to Europe."

"Don't you let them do it," she answered, betraying much agitation, "and the only thing we can do is to elope, though I always said I would never think of such a thing or forgive a child of mine for it, and Mr. Truckgarden had the audacity to ask me to promise to refuse to be yours after all these years because your daughter thinks it's her duty to protect you in your old age, as though you couldn't be trusted with me, and the doctors all said that Simeon would have died long, long before he did if it hadn't been for the way I nursed him, and cross—oh, you never saw a person in your life who was as hard to wait on as Simeon Lewis, and I remember that he had an idea once he'd like an orange when there wasn't any in the house and I tried to satisfy him with a pickle—well, it was just simply awful the way he carried on, and I don't believe anybody else would have stood it half as long as I did, although we all knew he couldn't recover and I felt it was my duty to humor him, for I wanted to have a clear conscience when he was gone, and I never could help pitying my cousin Caroline whose husband died of pneumonia three weeks after she'd got her divorce, so if she'd just been patient a little longer she might have been a real widow and nobody need ever have known the difference, although everyone knows that Carrie wasn't in the least to blame and I don't believe she ever was as happy in her life as she's been since her second marriage, except that her husband is four years younger than she, and her money must really have had something to do with it—what do you think we'd better do?"

As they started away, the colored nurse gazed curiously at them and said:

"Lan' o' Goshen, is that what he calls a voice that sounds like sweetes' music? But I guess her eyes ain't goin' to melt, nohow, although they sure was blazin' some."

Mr. Galpin led his sweetheart down through the park toward the lake, and proposed that they have a ride on the water.

"No, Henry," she said, "I'm willing to go anywhere with you except out in a boat, for a fortune teller told me when I was a young girl that I would always be unlucky on the water, and when

HENRY GALPIN HALF CROUCHES BEHIND THE DOOR AND LISTENS

Simeon and I were on our wedding trip he took me rowing and hit me on the left ear with an oar, not that he meant to do it, and if they took you to Europe I'd never dare to follow, for I know the ship would sink if I started to go across, and I never read about a big disaster at sea without feeling that it was an act of Providence that I wasn't there, though I'm not one of these fatalists who think that if you cut your finger it was ordained at the beginning of the world that you should do so, and Simeon had that belief so strong that once when he was stung under the eye by a bumble bee he said it was to be or it wouldn't have happened, because he had felt a twitching there for two weeks, and I think he inherited it from his mother, who wouldn't have a mouse trap in the house, thinking it might be interfering with fate if one was caught that had been sent into the world to keep some poor cat from starving, although I must say that in most respects she was about as sensible a woman as I ever knew, and it was too bad that she had to suffer so with plumbago, but she never complained, and when she died Simeon and I came very near having the only quarrel we ever had, for he wanted to have her buried beside her first husband, who was his father, while I thought she ought to lie with her second, for she had been married to him eleven years longer than the other, so we compromised by buying another lot and putting her there, and I do hope there may be some way to have such things straightened out in the hereafter, for it would be perfectly awful to think of her lying there all alone through eternity with both husbands waiting and neither knowing which was going to get her at the end."

"Let us sit down here, darling," said Mr. Galpin, conducting her to a seat behind a clump of bushes, "and try to think out some plan for the future. We must act at once or I fear it will be too late. Could you get ready to be married to-morrow?"

"Dear me," she answered, slipping one of her hands into his and looking fondly into his eager eyes, "I don't know, though I suppose I could if it had to be, and you can never know, Henry, how it makes my heart flutter to think that by this time to-morrow I may be yours forever and Simeon looking down on us from above with the sad expression that sometimes crept into his eyes, although I do think he often had doubts about him and me being created for each other, but you had the first right to my love and any way the lines in my hand show that I'm to be married twice, so he never can say that it was my fault, and I leave it all to you, though I don't want to be married by a justice of the peace and as far as the 'obey' is concerned if it was anyone but you I would insist on having it left out, but it would have been so lovely if our children could have been decent about it so that we might have had our two little grand-daughters for flower-girls—mercy sakes if there isn't Mr. Truckgarden!"

Before Henry Galpin had time to realize that he was holding the lady's hand they were confronted by his son-in-law, who after politely greeting them said:

"Well, father, I'm very lucky to have found you. Stella is greatly worried. She is sure that you have been run over by an automobile or that you have met with some other kind of an accident and been taken away to a hospital."

Benjamin Throckmorton was a large man with a compelling way, and before either Mr. Galpin or Mrs. Lewis quite realized what was being done he had put the lady into a cab and given the driver directions to take her home, after which he took his father-in-law in charge as if the flustered old gentleman had been a lost child.

On reaching home Mr. Galpin found that a new butler had been installed by the Throckmortons, and this functionary—Williams by name— seemed at once to take a most kindly interest in his employer's father-in-law. The good old gentleman could hardly turn around without facing the butler, who was a sturdy person, and on several occasions when the aged lover tried to leave the house Williams stopped him at the door to inform him that Mrs. Throckmorton wished to see him in the library, or for some other reason that

seemed plausible enough, prevented his departure.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lewis waited impatiently to see or hear from her lover, and when two days had passed and no word had come she began to fear the worst. She would have gone to him if she could have done so, but she, too, was under surveillance, a fact that she was not slow in discovering. Either her son's wife or a maid was ready to accompany her whenever she attempted to leave the house, and for some curious reason the letters that she wrote to Henry Galpin always came back to her unopened.

"What a woman of your mother's age can be thinking of to want to get married, I don't know," said Lucy Lewis, after she and her husband had taken precautions to prevent an elopement, "and think what it would mean to the children if she died first and left all her money to him. Of course he'd give every cent of it to those outlandish Throckmortons."

"Well, dear," he answered, "I sometimes feel as if it wouldn't be any more than fair to let them go ahead and have each other. Just put yourself in mother's place for a moment. Fifty years ago she loved him and he her and they were parted by their parents. Now we step in and again keep from them the happiness that might come to them if they were allowed to have each other. Hang me if it doesn't look rather mean."

"Happiness?" his wife cried. "Do you suppose any real happiness could come of such a marriage? They'd be fighting like cats and dogs inside of two weeks. They're both too old to change their ways now. When people get married they must be prepared to make concessions. I have recently read somewhere that marriage is the mold in which young love is made beautiful and the anvil on which old love is hammered flat."

"If it's only going to be a matter of a little while why not let them go ahead and have it out? Then, when they have found that their romance was merely imaginary, they can separate, and we'll not have the matter to bother over any more."

"And what would the newspapers be doing in the meantime? They'd publish our pictures and our children's pictures, and everything would be exaggerated, and—and—Archie, you talk as if you hadn't good sense."

In the end Mr. Lewis agreed with his wife that the scandal must be averted, and they decided to pack his mother off to the coast of Maine, where she and her daughter-in-law and the children would remain all summer, if necessary.

It was late in the evening of the third day of his languishment in duress vile that Henry Galpin, having become desperate, tried to slip out of the house after the Throckmorton family had retired. He stole from his room into the hall, carrying his shoes, and had almost reached the stairway when the butler suddenly loomed up before him.

"I was just goin' to look in and see if I couldn't get you something," said the obliging servant. "Would you like some ice water, sir?"

"Yes," the old gentleman eagerly replied, "I wish you would get me some, Williams. I'm very thirsty."

"Here it is," said Williams, producing a pitcher as if by some sort of legerdemain, at the same time taking possession of the shoes the old man had carried. "I'll see that these are blacked and set before your door in the morning, sir."

Mr. Galpin returned to his room and sat down to ponder. He took from one of his pockets two pictures. One of them was the portrait of a beautiful girl—an old daguerrotype—the other a photograph of the dowager Mrs. Lewis. After studying them for a long time he went to the window and looked out. It was twenty feet to the ground and there was nothing on which he could slide down. But love has ever been ready to find a way. In a few minutes the eager gentleman had tied some sheets together and was valiantly slipping toward the glory which he had dreamed of for so long, but to his consternation he discovered on reaching the ground that he was shoeless. He could not climb back and it was so late that all the shops were closed, wherefore he took off his tall hat and regretfully wiped much moisture from his brow.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, addressing the empty air, "how stupid it was to forget them. If Ariadne should hear of this she might believe them when they tell her my mental faculties are—"

He stopped suddenly, to find himself looking into the face of the butler.

"It's such a pleasant evenin', sir," said Williams, "that I'm not surprised at your feelin' like takin' a little fresh air. I couldn't go to bed without havin' a bit of a turn around the place myself, sir. Do you do it for rheumatism?" he asked, looking down at the old man's feet. "I've heard of people who cured themselves that way. It's the dew, I believe, sir, that draws it out."

"Yes-s," replied Mr. Galpin, "my case is not a very bad one, but I—ah—thought a little stroll might do me good."

"Very likely, sir, very likely," assented the butler. "If you don't mind, sir, I'll walk around with you."

They crossed the lawn to a bench where the moonlight filtered down through the leaves of a giant elm, and seated themselves. Mr. Galpin was in a thoughtful mood and the butler politely refrained from disturbing his meditations.

"Williams," the old man said, after he had been thinking for some time, "I'm in trouble. I'm going to get married."

"Not bein' a married man myself, I can't say, sir," Williams answered, "but I believe trouble most generally goes with it."

"I want you to help me," Henry Galpin went on, "and I'll make it an object for you to do so."

"I'm afraid, sir," the butler replied, "that I haven't the clothes for it. To be best man for a gentleman in your circumstances—"

"I don't mean that. What I want you to do is help me to get out of this house. Do you know that I'm a prisoner here? Yes, sir, that's it, a prisoner! And the place is mine, too! Look here. Do you think it's fair that a man of my years should be treated as if he were a child and didn't know his own mind? I want to tell you a story. Many years ago, when I was a young man, I loved a girl—the sweetest girl in all the world—and she returned my love. Our parents parted us, then, and she married another. Do you know what it is to love the one woman who could make you happy and to know that she could never know true happiness without you, and to have to give her up?"

There was a little catch in the old gentleman's voice, and Williams drew a long, deep breath before venturing to reply that he himself had once loved and lost, the lady having been a charming chambermaid who threw herself away upon a coachman and became the wretched mother of ten children. It had almost wrecked his faith in womankind.

"Ah, Williams," Mr. Galpin returned, "she married another, but her heart has been mine through it all. And now, at last, we are both free—free, Williams. Can you realize what that word means? Yet we are not free. It was our parents who thwarted us then. Now our children are plotting to wreck the happiness we have been waiting for. It's a damnable outrage, Williams! But our love must and shall prevail!"

In the stress of his excitement he kicked out at an imaginary foe, bringing his unprotected toes into violent contact with one of the iron supports of the bench. With an agonized cry he caught his injured foot in both hands and swayed to and fro in a paroxysm of pain.

Williams was deeply sympathetic, and asked, when the old gentleman had become calm again, how he could be of assistance.

"I must go to her to-night," said Henry Galpin. "If I don't they'll pack me off to Europe or somewhere else, or she may be spirited away so that I shall never find her. Help me to get her, and I'll pay you more than you could earn here in five years."

The butler appeared to be favorably impressed with the offer, and after a brief consideration said:

"Let's go back to the house, sir. You can't start out to meet a lady without your shoes."

When they returned to Mr. Galpin's room, Williams hauled in the improvised rope and they entered upon a discussion of ways and means, during which the butler told the story of his life, which seemed to have been a rather dreary one. He found at the end of an hour that his companion was comfortably sleeping in his easy chair.

"There," said Williams to himself as he tiptoed out of the room, carefully locking the door after him, "I think he's safe for to-night. Now I'll go to bed. Confound this job! I don't like it. I hope he'll find some way to get her in spite of us."

It was after midnight when Mr. Galpin awoke. He rubbed his eyes and tried to remember what had happened; then went to the window. The moon was shining brightly and the night was beautiful. It was such a night as might have inspired a poet or made a lover yearn to engage in chivalrous emprise.

Henry Galpin quickly reconstructed his rope and having found a serviceable pair of shoes he was soon hurrying to the mistress of his affections. As he approached the home of the Lewises the old gentleman took on the stealthy manner of a housebreaker, and after twice circling the place he stationed himself below one of the windows, where he called softly in the style of the cuckoo, that having in their younger days been the signal agreed upon by him and his loved one.

He waited a moment anxiously, and then again called:

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo."

His heart leaped as he saw a white-clad figure at the window above him.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," he repeated, and then somebody jumped upon him from behind, bearing him to the ground. As he was roughly rolled over upon his back he looked into the face of a bearded man who said:

"I'll 'cuckoo' you. Now maybe you'll come along to the police station and be peaceable about it."

Before Mr. Galpin could gasp a reply the window above was thrown open and the son of his loved one called:

"Hold on, Thompson. Don't be rough. I'll be down in a minute."

"BLESS MY SOUL," HE EJACULATED, "HOW STUPID IT WAS TO FORGET MY SHOES"

Mr. Galpin was sitting on the steps with Thompson guarding him when Archie Lewis came out to make inquiries.

"This is disgraceful," the young man said, "and I ought to have you handed over to justice, but I don't want to seem harsh. Thompson, you needn't grip the gentleman's arm that way. I think he will see the folly of his course and go home. We are going away to-morrow, Mr. Galpin, and my mother will accompany us. It will be useless for you to attempt to see her again."

They walked down across the lawn toward the street, Mr. Galpin with his head bowed in dejection. As they left the house a woman slipped from the front door and ran to a bunch of shrubbery, behind which she concealed herself. When she had seen her son and Thompson return, a few minutes later, Mrs. Lewis, bareheaded and showing in other ways that she had dressed herself in great haste, caught up her skirts and hurried after her lover, whom she overtook half a square away.

"Ariadne!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms; "heaven bless my soul, what does this mean?"

"It means that we have escaped," she breathlessly replied. "Oh, Henry, save me, save me. Where is the preacher? Why didn't you bring one, and did you think to get the marriage license, because if you didn't we are lost, for where can we stay till morning, and I have always said I wouldn't be married without a ring, although I could lend you Simeon's till to-morrow, for you know it's different with a woman and people will talk, no matter how innocent she is, though I thought you had given me up, and I was almost glad they were going to take me away, for the climate always agreed with me in Maine, that being where Simeon and I went on our wedding trip— you don't mean to tell me you haven't everything ready so we can be married right away?"

"I—I—confound the marriage license," Mr. Galpin replied, "I forgot all about it, but never mind, Ariadne. Let's get away from here, for they'll be coming after us as soon as they know you've escaped."

As he spoke, a trolley car that was bound for the outskirts of the city came along and they decided to get aboard. The car was starting again when two men rushed down the street, calling on the conductor to wait, but he, after the manner of his kind, refused to hear, and the lovers, recognizing the pursuers as Archie Lewis and Thompson, huddled in a corner, thanking Providence for their escape. But their joy was short-lived. Mr. Galpin had neglected before starting on his knightly enterprise to provide himself with funds, and they were ignominiously ejected from the car at the first convenient corner. That, however, was not the worst of their misfortunes. A policeman who had stood on the rear platform watching them suspiciously, left the car when they were put off, and informed them that he considered it his duty to take them to the station.

The lady wept freely as they were hustled into the patrol wagon, and candidly informed her lover that she was sorry they had ever met again.

"Why did you have to come back into my life again?" she cried. "Why couldn't you have left me happy as I was, for in all the years that I was married to him Simeon never caused me half the trouble that you have, first when I was young and innocent and now again after all these years, and the last words he spoke on his death bed were to never do anything rash, for even then he must have remembered that it runs in our family, my cousin Lydia having eloped and never had a day's happiness after the romance wore off, and—and—"

Words failed her. Mr. Galpin could only sit beside her, making unintelligible sounds, while the policemen who were guarding them placed their fingers against their brows and knowingly shook their heads.

At the station the old gentleman declared his rights as a citizen. Addressing the lieutenant in charge, he said:

"This, sir, is an outrage for which I shall demand a strict accounting. Why should a law-abiding citizen who is on his way to be married be pounced

upon by your officers and dragged away to prison?"

"Oh, so you were going to be married?" the lieutenant replied. "I guess you didn't intend to have a high noon weddin' did you? And does it bring good luck to get married without a collar or necktie on?"

Mr. Galpin put a hand up to his throat and discovered that he had in his haste forgotten to complete his toilet. Before he could explain, however, Mrs. Lewis addressed the officer saying:

"There's no harm in telling you all about it, forI have never done anything in my life that I was ashamed of, and I wouldn't mind the ring service if we only had a license, but if it isn't the hand of Fate I don't know what you'd call it, although I do think Henry might have shown a little better foresight, as long as he knew there would be no time afterward, and yet I suppose anybody is likely to be excited and overlook things at such a time even when there is no reason to expect trouble, for Simeon was so nervous that he handed the preacher a bill from the tailor instead of giving him the envelope in which he had put the money, and my brother William when he was married stepped on the bridesmaid's train and nearly tore her clothes off, but I won't stay in this horrible place another minute even if—"

"Now be calm, Ariadne," Mr. Galpin implored. "I think the lieutenant here will listen to reason."

He turned to the officer in charge and was about to lay the matter plainly before him when Benjamin Throckmorton and Williams the butler entered.

"Mr. Truckgarden!" exclaimed the lady. "It's all over, Henry. We may as well give up. I'll never run away with you again. Good-bye forever, but remember my last wish is that they may treat you kindly."

As Mr. Galpin took her hands in his, her son, followed by Thompson, rushed into the room.

"Mother!" he said; "thank heaven we have found you. This is an awful thing. What will our friends—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Throckmorton, drawing him aside, "I would like to speak to you for a moment."

They retired to the lieutenant's room, asking the officer to accompany them.

After their conference Mr. Throckmorton gave whispered instructions to Williams, whereupon that intelligent servant entered a carriage with Mrs. Lewis, and they were driven away. Another carriage was then called, and Mr. Galpin, in obedience to a compelling look from his son-in-law, took a seat in it, with Thompson at his side. "There," said Benjamin Throckmorton, "I hope that's the beginning of the end of this affair."

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Henry Galpin was aroused from fitful slumber by the man at his side.

"Come," said Thompson, "we are to get out here."

As the bewildered old gentleman stepped from the vehicle he noticed that they were in front of a little church and that another carriage stood near by. On entering the church at the invitation of his attendant he was met by Williams, who gravely said:

"Right this way, sir. Here is your license. You remember you asked me, sir, if I would help you. Mr. Thompson will act as best man and I will give the bride away if it's agreeable."

"Ariadne," cried the astonished lover as he hurried to her where she stood before the chancel, "is this a dream or can it be true?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I'm all turned round. I don't know where we are or how we happen to be—"

"If you are ready," said the preacher, who had entered while she spoke, "we will proceed with the ceremony."

After Mr. Galpin and Mrs. Lewis had been pronounced husband and wife Williams handed the bridegroom a long envelope, saying:

"You'll find money and railroad tickets in this. I hope, sir, you may both live long and have much happiness."

As the carriage containing the bride and groom passed around a corner Benjamin Throckmorton and Archie Lewis emerged from a dark nook in the church, shook hands and started for their respective homes, each with a light heart and a deep, dark secret that his wife could never share.

WHILE WE ARE YET MILES AWAY WE SEE THE WHITE VILLAGE STRETCHED OUT ON THE GREEN OF THE PRAIRIE

THE LETTERS OF BETTY BLUE

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Veregin, Saskatchewan.

DEAR JOAN: —These proteges of Count Tolstoi are just as human as other folk —when you get into the family circle. It must seem good to them to have as much as they desire of God's-out-of-doors all to themselves after the way old Russia behaved to them. You know how she was always making grass-widows of the women by rushing the men off to Siberia—between ourselves the male member of the family seems a stranger at his own hearth to this day. But I must tell you of the entertainment while it is fresh in my mind.

From the garden party of a real live lieutenant governor with flags flying, and the band playing so madly you can't keep your feet still, with furbelows, flowers, and finery, with the usual crowd of pretty women talking

THE DOUKHOBOR HOUSES OPEN ON A COMMON COURT

the usual amount of nothings, and the marquee under the trees offering the usual salads, sweets, ices—from this to the tea-party of a Doukhobor community is a long step, but out here distance does not count. You put on seven league boots to make your strides, social and other, and only touch the high places—or you get left so far behind the only thing is to pretend you never made a start. Yes I know that verse about the battle not being to the strong or the race to the swift—but it was written before this big West came into notice.

Comparisons are odious—we learned that in Miss M's school, when we wore pinafores and pigtails—and I'll not disgrace my early training by drawing one now, but, let me whisper it, the Doukhobor "At Home" knocks the ordinary one into a cocked hat.

No hour is set, no need that it should be. As our rig follows the winding country road through the valley, up the hill, around the bends of the river and then straight across the level prairie, we can see the white village of Veregin a good six miles before we reach it—and Veregin can see us for at least half that distance. It is the atmosphere, smokeless, dustless and so clear, you know mother Nature strains it through a silver sieve every morning before the world wakes up.

This being a pretty thought I pass it on to Propriety (her name is Ann, but I call her Propriety for short) who has taken a bottle of witch hazel from her bag and is busily applying it to

WAITING TO WELCOME US

certain angry spots on neck and forehead. But Propriety merely remarks that she wishes mother Nature would use a sieve fine enough to take out mosquitoes. Propriety being in charge of me, as it were, has the feeling that she must hold me down to earth with a big prosaic pin. She'll have her own time, bless her!

Yesterday it stormed. Joan, you think you know what lightning means, but you don't. Instead of the real essence you get a diluted article. A little west of here the storm king does his brewing and compounding. These he tries on this big new land—having, I presume, formed the habit before folks came here to live—and if they wreck a landscape or two, he knows they are all right, and, gathering up what is left of them after they have done their worst, he makes of the fragments the kind of storms you have been used to.

But yesterday the boldest held his breath for a time. It is a habit they have up here, this holding the breath during a storm. I'm catching it. No, it is not the wind, it is the fear, the dread lest the hail come and cut down the grain—grain which is high as my head, and golden as a sunset sky. Wheat,—wheat, so heavy with it's ripening weight it no more skips and dances in the breeze, but moves softly, softly in the warmth and glow.

I can picture you the grain fields, but not the wonder of them, the promise of them. Before your eyes:

"Stretches a widening sea of gold
Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace and plenty and wealth untold."

Behold me then at four o'clock of the afternoon, holding my breath with the others as the grey cloud, black-centered, creeps nearer, drops lower, spreads and spreads until the last vestige of blue disappears. The homesteader and his good little wife fall silent, so do I, so does the room, the whole house. I go out on the porch. The same grey silence which shrouds the house shrouds the landscape, the copse, the vine in the yard, the scarlet runners on the gate post, even the baby poplars hiding behind the fence. How still the world is! how *tempestuously* still! The warmth has gone out of the air, the chill and greyness have everything their own way.

There are no preliminary flashes or mutterings, just the terrible quiet of an ambush, something sinister stealing on one; something that cannot be warded off or gotten away from.

All at once a streak of flame hisses across the sky as though hunting a short cut to the warm old earth hugging her gardens and grain to her bosom, and with it—not behind it—comes a rending, explosive crash, which dares you not to be afraid. It is no air-clearing beneficent thing, this, but a destructive force. The lightning flames to strike, each detonation of these terrific peals is a threat. The wood stands very still, the vines and poplars cower, the thing they fear most is not yet on them.

It is coming, though. You hear it a long way off, the wind of the prairie storm. Of a sudden the stillness goes: the vines shake, the poplars whimper and sob, the wood moans in pure panic.

If you know nothing of lightning you certainly know nothing of wind. The kind we have at home makes a lot of noise, but does little damage. It blusters, and threatens in a mad game of show off. "Booh," it bellows, "I'll catch you! I'll catch you! Booh! b-o-o-h!" and that's the end of it. True, it sometimes snaps off a telegraph pole, uproots a stray tree, or unroofs a building, but only as a rough bit of fun, a playing at fierceness.

Listen, Joan, this wind is a devil, it's pit the black eddying centre of the cloud, and when it flings itself from thence, with flame and fury for company, I fall into such terror of it, I can't go into the house, or even shut my eyes. I watch it writhe itself about the haystacks and scatter them: tear the trees; twist the vines; maim and hurt for the very joy of it. Then, as if fury has created a thirst, it lowers its terrible maw over Mallard pond—"O!" I cry, "O!" for before my eyes it sucks up the little singing lake of blue, with sickening greediness, sucks it up with choking and gurgling, and passing on to the low lying valley spits the draught in the face of

the cornfields, flooding their greenness out of sight like the evil thing it is. "O!" I cry again, and this time with such hysterical force that someone hears me and draws me into the shelter of the house.

The lightning grows less vivid, the wind passes with muttered threatenings but you know by the greyness and chill getting deeper every moment that the storm is only begun. It comes with the sharp fusillade, the clamor and tempest of hail, cutting a highway through the fields, threshing out the grain, shredding the straw, beating the beautiful gold back into the yielding earth.

Joan, you in the heart of the city, cannot realize what it means to plough and sow, watch the growth and ripening and then have no harvest. If you were here where the grain is all they have you would understand why, when later I try to follow the storm's path, I can't do it, so full are my eyes of tears.

All this was yesterday.

To-day the little white clouds are one and all turned loose to chase each other across the blue -just as after some really grand affair in the home the children are left to play where they please till such time as things are straightened up: Such clouds as Lampman saw when he wrote:

"They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper:
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper"

And yonder is Veregin—and Doukhobor hospitality.

At that other tea the gowns might be described as "creations," and the wearers as "dreams," and very likely when the account appeared in the social columns there was a little envy here and there, a little bitterness over the relative superiority of lingerie dresses and embroidered lace, and silks, but at this one I give you my word not a woman of the lot makes the least effort to outdress her neighbor. Each wears the same sort of costume, a full petticoat of blue stuff, a fuller skirt of blue print trimmed with a wide band of cerise sateen, made about an inch shorter than the petticoat, a print sacque belted in with an apron as clean as soapsuds can make it. On the heads of old and young alike is the never-failing square of cotton folded once and tied under the chin.

They are a trifle hampered in the matter of conversation—we all are—but they manage to tell us we are very welcome, and we—well, we do our best. They know the meaning of "good" and "no good" so to things we all like we nod and say "good" and the things we don't like we shake our heads and say "no

OUT FOR A WALK

good"—which is not so new after all.

Talking of nods, I find myself unable to keep my eyes off Propriety. You never saw anybody's head bob so hard and fast as her's does while she listens to the Doukhobor damsel who has charge of the children. It reminds me of Pip in "Great Expectations" when he tips the Aged Parent the prodigious nods to show his friendliness. I only hope her hair won't loosen and come down. Propriety has lovely hair, but in these days of fluffy fashions she pieces it out with a curl or two, and I have the feeling that these women wouldn't understand a head being adorned with anything but its own particular home grown hair. I signal her a warning, but she is so deep in the nodding business she never heeds. On her head—or off her head—be it.

It is the cleanest place you ever saw. The spotter of spotless town would never be able to spot a spot, certainly not on the butcher's gown. There is not—has never been—a butcher here, but if there were his gown would be just as spotless as everything else.

The windows are a joy in themselves, each identical pane shining as though it were the only thing in Veregin to reflect God's blessed sunlight. You understand at a glance why a Doukhobor doesn't paint his woodwork, it would be defrauding his better half of the joy of scouring the same. The floors are white enough to eat from, the tables and benches are fairly bleached with soap suds.

Each house contains a kitchen and living room; the first boasts the big brick oven, the second the table and benches. There are no bedrooms. Each morning the bedding is taken from the benches within, and spread in the sunshine without, and each evening it is brought in and put upon the wide benches flanking the wall. A hard bed, but a wholesome one.

Cleanliness is not second to godliness here, it is part and parcel of it. If I were to start firing the catechism at this stalwart sisterhood, they would answer that the chief end of man, woman, or child was work—work—work! They glory in it. They have followed the plow and sown the grain, and taken their place in the harvest-field; they have size and muscle and a comeliness of their own. The thing they despise is physical weakness, men and women of them have an undue appreciation of strength. It is said that the only thing a Doukhobor man will take as just cause for deserting his mate is her failure to keep in good health. Moral—if you want to keep the man of your choice, never say die; deny headache, backache, any and all of the thousand ills that common folk are heir to—practise Christian science with might and main. Sympathy is not a strong factor in the make up of these wonderful workers who came over from Russia, and are making the desert bloom as the rose here in the Canadian West.

Communistic life is a thing that grows on you. Down in yonder house with the blue smoke curling from the chimney, the baking for the village is done. In another is done the washing, in another the spinning, in another the weaving of rugs and cloth. The bake woman is not proud, though her apron is a good half yard wider than that worn by her sisters. There is no emulation, no fault-finding, each goes on with the task given into her hands without let or hindrance. It is a matter of training, I suppose. Now with us if one woman undertook the baking we would all be clamoring for her to use our recipes; if one made our dresses we would choose the pattern or know why; and we would all be so busy helping the spinner, weaver, etc., we'd never get our own share done.

Imagine one woman taking care of all the babies! not a word about "my nurse said" this or that—the Doukhobor woman has no nurse; not a word about the doctor's opinion on the merits of hot or cold milk—the Doukhobor woman has no doctor. She has just her own common sense and training which tell her the other woman knows as much as she does. She lets it go at that.

Not that she isn't allowed to think. The fine looking man who is head of spotless town, breaks it to us gently. Not only do the women vote, but they have a place in the council chamber.

"One hundred men, and fifty women in the council," he says, with a smile, "one woman talks as much as two men, eh?"

Propriety is joyous over this, and I haven't a doubt will tell the suffrage society all about it on her return. But really with so much going on in the domestic line, one can't feel especially interested in things merely municipal.

Things in common! you hear it everywhere, see it everywhere. They sweat their humors out in a common steam bath arranged on modern lines in the last house of the row; the women gabble together of their common wrongs and common rights; the little folk run and play, laugh and cry, live and grow in a common playground, with a common woman mothering the lot. There is no mine or thine; "ours" is the word. Life in a community sounds alluring.

Propriety and the girls grow quite friendly as the afternoon progresses.

They eat no meat these sturdy folk, nor flesh of fowl or fish. It is against their religion to do so. But they can cook vegetables the best ever. Oh, yes, we have vegetables at this "At Home"—we have a feast.

The cloth is white as snow and (think of it!) there are serviettes beside the plates. No drinking a cup of tea standing, no eating an ice with the chills running up and down your spine—due not to the ice, but to the fear of someone upsetting his or her refreshments on your best frock. We sit down on a bench, and eat off a table. Now, Joan, you'll be full of curiosity as to what we have to eat, so I am going to tell you. There are new potatoes cut in squares and fried brown in butter, there are carrots in a dressing of cream that removes them from the list of common things, food for the gods these are. There is an omelet light and frothy, there is a loaf of brown bread as wide as the woman who made it. It is freshly baked and the butter melts and runs into it, and there is a crowning delicacy, a deep dish of wild strawberry preserve. Of this the Doukhobor women do not partake.

"Is it that you do not like sweets?" Propriety, who has had a second helping, inquires of her neighbor.

"No need," comes the cheerful answer. "We eat to make strong—milk, meal, potato."

"Why trouble to make preserves, if you do not care for them?" persists Propriety.

"Some day we have child sick, maybe, or," with a laugh, "what you call company to tea. We like for others, not for ourselves, see?"

Tea over we go out into the court or dooryard, where the women exhibit their children and their handicraft. The Doukhobor damsels bring out their embroidery frames; the weaver brings her rugs; the sun-flower lady taking her biggest blossom in hand, shells out the seeds. Putting these through a sieve winnows the hulls from them.

An especially fine woman of the village brings out a wheel, the old fashioned kind as seen in the city drawing-room, seats herself, puts her foot on the running gear, and a long roll of white wool to the spindle. There is a breezy, wheezy, chirrupy sound and you see the roll of wool grow to yarn, and wind itself about the spindle. It is a beautiful art this spinning—though the lady at the wheel does not call it art—work is a good enough name for her. We are at a disadvantage, my dear, in being born so late. Take a really pretty girl in a white frock, set her at a little low singing wheel with a bundle of wool beside her, a thread of soft yarn in her fingers, and what chance would a bachelor have? Not a bit. He would realize that after all Solomon was wise, truly wise, and never more so than when he said once on a time when this world was centuries younger than it is to-day, "her price is above rubies."

Homeward bound in the glow of sunset, with the road following the curves of the river, and the great spaces stretching away before, behind, on either side. The sky comes down to the edge of the prairie and fastens itself there with a sash of something blue like smoke, and soft as the heart of a cloud. It seems good that earth and sky are near enough to neighbor with each other.

I say as much to Propriety.

"I wish the folk were," she returns,

"I'm thirsty as can be and not a pump to be seen."

There is no poetry in Propriety.

Your far away but faithful,

BETTY.

P. S.—Joan, dear, I ought to tell you of the Doukhobor leader Veregin; a wonderful man (talk of matinee idol! Why, the whole community bows down to Peter), the Doukhobor bargain sale, Doukhobor matchmaking, and other equally interesting things, but there is no space. Beside, I only set out to tell you of the tea-party—the rest will keep.—B. B.

THE VAGRANT PATH OF THE WIND OF SPRING

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE Spring Wind ripples the willows' furs
Whose boughs are blithe with choristers;

And the Spring Wind calls to the sons of men
And we of the hearth go forth again.

There's a road to wander—a beast to kill
A brave adventure beyond the hill;

There's a girl to find and a fate to mend
And a pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

God send us fortune of following
The vagrant path of the Wind of Spring!

AB STANNARD'S WATER CURE

BY FRANK GIOLMA

WHEN Ab Stannard awoke for the sixth time, he reached out of bed, found a match, lit it, and, taking his watch from under his pillow, looked at the time. It was half-past three, and the rain was still lashing the roof above him with all the fury of a January sou'easter on Vancouver Island.

Half-past three. That meant nearly twenty-four hours of rain, and when he had left the dam the day before, the water was nearly a foot and a half from the top.

He blew the match out and pulling the bedclothes up around his head so as to shut out the sound of the clatter on the roof, again tried to sleep. He was becoming as nervous as a woman. When he had left the dam the day before, and come down into Smiling Valley for his week off, his responsibility had ceased. He had not appointed old man Halloran as assistant dam-keeper. If the Foothill's Lumber Company chose to trust the safety of their dam, and incidentally the lives of the settlers in the valley to the keeping of a man who was only sober when he could not get liquor, it was no concern of Ab Stannard. Yet the thought drove sleep from his eyes; also the rain still lashed the roof of Valley House.

After turning this way, and wriggling that, pulling the bedclothes up round his ears, then pushing them down again, all the while cursing the sleep that would not come, Stannard lit a match again, and looked at the time. Ten minutes to four. He would give it another ten minutes; then, if he were still awake, and it were still raining, he would get up.

He got up at four, and lighting the candle, dressed quietly. Then he pulled up the blind. The night was full of rain and darkness and desolation, and great world-shaking gusts of wind. Now he was up, he felt more than ever that he was seeking to share other people's troubles. Yet, with his mind fully awake, he knew there was only one thing to do. It was ten miles up through the forest to the Foothills Dam, and on such a night, death in the shape of storm-felled giant firs might strike him down at any point on the trail.

Still there was no time to waste on such thoughts, and he stepped softly down the creaking, wooden stairs into the saloon, and turned up the swinging, soot-grimed oil lamp.

The room reeked of stale spirits and tobacco, and five or six drunken loggers lay huddled in chairs or on benches, sleeping off their alcoholic debauch.

Stannard picked his way carefully among them, and taking his oilskins from a hook on the wall, put them on. Then, pulling on his rubber boots and tying the strings of his sou-wester tightly under his chin, he turned the lamp down again, and walking softly to the door, stepped out into the wild darkness.

As he stood for a moment on the step, something soft touched his hand, and, looking down, he saw his field spaniel, Nigger.

"Old man," Stannard said, fondling the dog's head, "it's no night for you to be out." But Nigger stood up and rested his forepaws on Stannard's leg as if begging not to be sent back. So man and dog started off together, Stannard thanking his stars that his way lay almost due northwest, putting the storm at his back.

For some four miles he followed the open valley road, bordered by ranches on either side. Nigger kept close to his heels; and the fact that his dog had chosen to come with him on such a night, instead of returning to his warm bed in an outhouse, put spirit into Stannard's walk. Now and again he would stop to pat Nigger's head. The

only soft spot in Stannard's heart was his love for his dog.

When he had covered some four and a half miles, great bunches of forest began to appear at irregular intervals, the road gradually becoming more and more uneven underfoot. Sometimes in the lower places, Stannard, in the wind-swept darkness, floundered into streams of water. Suddenly his way was blocked by a black mass.

"Ah," he remarked to Nigger, as he scrambled over it, "our first tree, but not our last, by twenty or more, I bet."

Another mile, and a faint yellow light began to lighten the darkness. Then the dawn—washed out, and sallow, but Stannard was glad of the light. In the darkness he could grope his way but slowly, and the rain was still joining earth and sky in one wind-swayed maelstrom.

Had old man Halloran opened the sluices into Bear Lake—and so eased the dam? If not, would he be too late? When Halloran had come up to relieve him the day before, he had noticed the outlines of at least one bottle inside the old man's gunny sack.

It was the knowledge of those bottles that had driven sleep from Stannard's brain, and it was that knowledge that made him hurry his pace now. When he had left the dam yesterday, the water was only a foot and a half from the top of the embankment, and the rain had never ceased. If the dam broke and emptied its contents into Rushing River, the whole of Smiling Valley would be flooded, ranchers drowned, and farms swept away. Another half mile and he heard the roar of Rushing River—a mill race from source to mouth. A bend in the trail brought Stannard on to its banks.

It had risen many feet since yesterday, and the primitive bridge—the trunk of a giant red fir stretching from bank to bank—quivered as the muddy torrent seethed against it. But it was not this that caused Stannard's jaw to tighten, and his fingers to clinch into straining fists.

Here and there in the mad swirling water, he saw pieces of half-thawed snow. The snow on the mountains was melting. That meant flood, and if the dam sluices into Bear Lake were not opened, destruction and death in Smiling Valley.

Stannard ran nimbly across the quivering bridge, Nigger keeping close to his heels, and up the trail on the other side. Two miles through the forest along the bank of the roaring river, and the dam cabin came in sight. No smoke was blowing from the chimney. Of course old man Halloran might be out at the sluices but——— Stannard ran up to the cabin, and burst open the door.

The old sack that took the place of curtain was across the one window, and for a moment he could see nothing. But the reek of stale whisky in his nostrils sickened him with fear. He tore down the sack from the window.

There, on the fern bed, wrapped in his blankets, lay old man Halloran, an empty bottle by his side.

"You —— ——," Stannard cried, kicking the drunkard, "get up!"

Halloran did not move.

Stannard stood paralyzed with fear. The snow was melting. As he came to the cabin he had seen the water tapping at the very top of the embankment. Once over, and the banks would be washed away. The sluices had not been opened, and now, with the terrific pressure against them, one man could do nothing. He must have help. He went out on to the embankment. He could get back to the Valley in two hours. Then it would take two more to get men and return. Four hours. He examined the embankment, walking hurriedly along it. It would not hold for four hours unless doctored all the time. Already here and there little streams of water were beginning to ooze through. Leave them unpatched and in an hour or less they would be great open fissures, and the embankment would be gone.

He must send for help. Ten miles by trail,—five by river. Five by the river, and the water rushing down at anything over twenty miles an hour. A log, he knew, would make the journey in about an hour, or with luck, in much less. But no one would notice a log, even if

he sent his call for help on one. Yet he must stay and patch up the embankment.

God! if Halloran would only wake. Perhaps if he were to dip him in the dam, he would revive.

A way out! A way out!

Death crouched ready to spring on the Valley below him, and only Stannard stood between him and his victims.

It was then that he saw the way. For a second he reeled back from it, then setting his jaws, decided.

He found two logs small enough for him to handle, and rolling them separately to the river bank, lashed them firmly into a raft. He poised them on the bank ready to launch, and returned to the cabin.

He found paper and pencil in the old cigar box, where he had left them, and wrote on three separate sheets:

"Come, dam bursting. Stannard."

He put one in an empty tobacco tin, into an inner pocket in old man Halloran's coat. He wrapped the second in a handkerchief and tied the latter round Halloran's throat, and the third he bound tightly with thin cord round and round the old man's wrist.

"Halloran," Stannard cried in the old man's ear. "Wake up, man, or it's like to be your death. You'll pass the rapids with this water. but the Lower Bridge will smash your head in. I can't help it. It's you, or the Valley, so you've got to go. Wake up, man, wake and patch the dam, and I'll take the message. It's one of us, for they'd never notice a log."

But old man Halloran did not speak, did not move. Except that he breathed, he was as dead.

Stannard lifted the inert weight to his back, and staggered to the raft. He placed the old man carefully in the centre, and bound him securely to the logs. The raft would not capsize, so Halloran would not drown. Nor was it likely to be caught and held in such a flood. But at the Lower Bridge almost certain death was waiting. The water would be right up to the bridge, and—

Stannard dashed the picture from his mind. It was to save the valley, and Halloran was guilty. Yes! if the dam broke, Halloran would be a murderer.

Stannard pushed the raft into the torrent. For one moment it floated motionless, as if gathering its wits, then it shot out from the bank, and caught by the mad torrent was swept away out of sight.

When three hours later, ranchers and loggers came running to the dam, they found Stannard on the embankment patching, patching, the ever-increasing rents.

"The sluices!" he cried, as they came up, and not a word more.

Twelve men with axes, peevies and crossbars, at the sluices and they could not open them; then fourteen, sixteen, twenty. Still failure. Then a hoarse cheer as timber cruiser McCarthy hurried along with a box of giant powder, fuse and caps.

"This is the boy," he said.

Ten minutes later, a volcanic report, whose echo was drowned in the roar of the freed water. The sluices had been blown open, and the Valley saved.

As the men gathered round the cabin, before returning to the Valley, Stannard spoke:

"The old man?" he asked, and he braced himself as he spoke. "I've got to know."

"When I last saw old man Halloran," McCarthy replied, "he was sitting up in bed in hot blankets in the Valley House. The Lower Bridge had been swept away before he got to it, and he shot down the river into the valley, yelling to beat the band. Doc was with him in the house when I saw him. Says Doc to him, 'Halloran, my man, I'm going to prescribe a medicine for you that you'll appreciate. Hot brandy every two hours!'

"'Doc,' says old man Halloran, 'the Church failed, the Chapel failed, and so did the Revival, but Ab Stannard's Water Cure has fixed me. Give me cocoa!' Cocoa it was."

The King's Wish

By C. G. Marquis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

Chapter I.

AME FEDORA was sitting towards evening in her neatly kept clay hut, bemoaning the loss of her little shepherd. She was a poor woman and depended entirely on her few sheep and her little garden for her living. The plot of ground about her cottage she could attend to herself, but she was too old to go out day by day with the sheep to their hillside pastures. She had adopted a little lad named Roderigo, who had been a faithful guardian of her flock; but one day when the mountain winds had been blowing with unusual severity, Roderigo returned home flushed and feverish, and never left the cottage till he was carried out to the little grassy plot where the roses grew in luxurious richness, and Fedora with her own hands threw the earth over his body. For several days she managed to go with her sheep and watch them till folding time, but her old joints ached, so that she began to despair and longed for someone who might take Roderigo's place.

"I will have to sell my sheep," she moaned, as she rubbed her aching limbs; "I cannot go with them to the hillside slopes again. O these thieving mountaineers! but for them I could let my pets go without a watcher. How I wish our good King would but come to the mountains with his army and root them out! It is disgraceful to have such vipers in one's kingdom. If I were monarch for a single day I would drive every one of them into the far sea. Poor Roderigo!—and you used to say that you would do it when you grew up and that then my sheep might roam as far up the hills as they liked! And you would—but now! but now!—" and the old woman, between thoughts of her troubles and the memory of her little Roderigo, completely broke down and rocked to and fro, moaning out her grief.

She was suddenly interrupted by hurried cries of "The mountain robbers! The mountain robbers!" Terror made her dry her eyes, and, rushing to the door of her hut, she looked towards the hills, and saw a long dark line winding slowly down the mountain side. Her neighbor Juanita was right. There they were, sure enough; and what was to be done! Juanita urged her to flee to the city. They had a good start and they might fall in with some travellers by the way who would help them on their journey.

"No, no!" cried Fedora, "I cannot move a step; my joints are breaking now from the mountain winds; and besides, I will not leave my flock to this thieving band. No, I will die with them first!"

"Please yourself, Mother Fedora!

They can have my little garden to themselves; I will be glad to escape with my life."

As she said this she hastily turned and set out towards the distant city that lay like a silver speck in the green valley miles away.

Fedora watched the dark line coming nearer and nearer through the gathering night. "Surely," she said to herself, "they cannot be about to attack the village. Well, it is what I said would happen if they didn't attend to these thieves. I suppose they will send me to join Roderigo, but they'll not get my property without a struggle"—and the courageous old woman shook her toil-worn hand towards the advancing enemy.

As they came nearer she entered her cottage, and taking from the wall a villainous-looking weapon—half sword, half scythe—she placed herself in the doorway, and waited for the enemy with a look of determination on her face which seemed to dare them to battle.

The crowd advanced slowly and noiselessly. No exulting shout, no angry battle cry reached the ear of Fedora. She had, in the olden days, when her good husband was alive, seen several robber raids, but they were always accompanied with fierce war shouts, and cries of joy at the hope of plunder.

"Humph!" she muttered, "they think it not worth their while, but I'll teach them that Fedora has not forgotten the lessons José taught her in years gone by"—and she swung the sword around as if she already had an enemy within her reach.

Slowly the crowd advanced, until they had arrived at her very door, and then a poor half-clad skeleton stepped from among them and extending his hands beseechingly, cried: "Give us to eat."

"Eat! you villain," she cried. "Get you gone, or I will cleave you to the chin."

"Mother Fedora," he cried, "we know your kind heart. You think we come as enemies; we do not. We have been plundered by the robbers beyond the hills. Our cattle have been killed, our crops destroyed, our tents burned; and after suffering all men could endure, we have been driven down into the land of our old enemies, without weapons, without food. It would be charity to kill us, but we are struggling to reach the city, and there we hope to be of service to the King. We would buy food if we could, but we have nothing to give in exchange except ourselves and our children, and you are in no need of slaves."

"I don't know about that," said Fedora, relentingly, lowering her weapon from its threatening position. "I have lost my boy Roderigo, who used to keep my little flock from wandering up into the country of yon thieving rebels; and if you are in such need, why not offer some of your children in exchange for food? I will not give you to eat, but I will sell you several fine fat sheep for one of the ragged rascals I see there in the road."

"We have six boys," he said, "and we will give you any one of them in exchange for two sheep."

The boys were placed in a row before her, and she examined them with a critical eye.

"This one would never do," she said. "Starving for three days, you say? Well, I'm afraid he must have eaten like a young colt when he had food. No, no! no fat boy for me! Nor this one! I want no girl about my place; he would weep and fret from morn till night. Take his pale face away before I repent my bargain!—What do you mean by presenting this lame one? A lot of good he'd be to me! I suppose you would have me carry him up the hill with the sheep in the morning, and then sit down and watch both him and the flock. No, no! I'll have none of this one. I want a boy who will be of some use, and one who can take Roderigo's place. Well, the other three are a more hopeful lot. But this one is too bold; I am much afraid he would soon try to take the mastery out of my hands; and that would be too bad, as it would only cause him a broken head"—and the old woman chuckled at the idea of anyone mastering her. "This one is a sneak,—no! don't deny it! you can't look me in the face; you'd steal the very wool off my

sheep. I have only one left, and I suppose I'll have to take him," and she turned to a little fellow with large, dark, dreamy eyes and long black ringlets that hung about his shoulders.

"Yes, this one will suit me," she said. "He's not like Roderigo, but I have no doubt he will be willing to learn. If he isn't I'll make him. What do you call him?"

"Ismael."

"Whose child is he?"

"He is an orphan," was the answer.

"No more Ismael for him; José will be his name after this."

The bargain was soon closed, and the hungry mob saw with delight two fat sheep led bleating from the fold. They made hurried preparations for a meal, and in the dark devoured the sheep while sitting about their fires. Refreshed, they were about to continue their march, when they were startled by the cry, "the soldiers!"

FEDORA WAITED FOR THE ENEMY

Sure enough, there in the distance was a company of cavalry speeding towards them. Fedora had heard the alarm, and came from her cottage, where she had been giving José a hearty meal. When she saw the troops, she said: "I thought so! it's the work of that Juanita; she has alarmed the whole country. Never fear, I'll not let them harm you. Wait here!"

With these words she walked towards the advancing troop. When near them she cried, "Halt!" The soldiers all knew her, as she was a famous character on market days in the city, and laughingly obeyed her summons.

"What is your business up here?" she said.

"We have come to protect you from the robbers," the leader replied.

"Protect me!" she said, with disdain, "protect Juanita's maize patch, you mean. I want none of your protection."

"But," replied the soldier, "did we not see Juanita's cottage on fire a few moments ago?"

"No, you did not! It was the supper fire of a few poor, half-starved men. They have just been making a meal off one of their boys."

"Off one of their boys, Fedora? Are you crazy?"

"Not exactly off his flesh and blood," said Fedora, laughing at her own wit, "but they have sold him to me for two sheep, and these they have devoured. You can sheathe your swords, you will find them willing prisoners. They have been plundered by another set of thieves, and are now ready to do whatever you may wish."

"Very lucky!" said the leader. "We are in need of men to work on the walls, and if these fellows prove themselves willing, it will not go hard with them."

The whole troop then advanced to the trembling band, who, at the sight of the glittering steel, threw themselves on their knees and begged for mercy.

"Rise," said the leader, "and go with us to the city. Be obedient and no harm will come to any of you!"

So the dusty crowd crept on through the darkness to the city nestling among

the orange groves, and Fedora and José were left to themselves in the little clay hut that was Fedora's pride.

Chapter II.

Just as the first stray beams of morning light crept over the misty mountains, and stole into Fedora's cottage, the old woman awoke. Rising from her couch of clean meadow grass, she called to her little slave, who had an equally rude bed at the opposite side of the hut, "José, you idler, awake!"

But José only turned over on his side and dreamed on about his mountain home.

"José!" she cried, in a louder tone. But still the little fellow heeded not.

"I suppose," she cried, seizing a block of wood and getting ready to hurl it at him, "you want me to call you Ismael; but no robber name will ever be uttered in my hut."

At the sound of the old familiar name the boy sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him in amazement. He had been so hungry and fatigued on the previous night that he had passed through the scene at the door as in a dream. Even the meal that Fedora had given him only roused his spirits for a moment, and he had fallen into a deep sleep the instant it was finished. Now it dimly came back, and when Fedora exclaimed in thundering tones, "José, you indolent thief! are you never going to leave that bed!" he recalled the whole scene, even to the part where his name was changed, and instead of Ismael, the name little Zora, his playmate, pronounced with such a sweet voice, he was to be called José.

THEY ADVANCED SLOWLY AND NOISELESSLY WITH NO EXULTING SHOUT NOR ANGRY BATTLE CRY

He was soon up and dressed, and after a simple breakfast of bread and fruit, Fedora told him he must go with her to the sheep pastures. She had quite a flock, and as she drove them up the mountain road she kept impressing on José that he had been a fearfully expensive slave to her, having cost her two whole sheep; and she pointed to the two fattest in the flock to make him understand her the better. At last the pasture was reached, and they sat themselves down on the grassy hillside to see that the flock did not stray out of sight. Whenever a sheep would wander into forbidden ground, José was sent to drive it back. He did so with delight, for his active young limbs wanted the exercise, but as soon as he returned Fedora made him sit down by her side and lectured him on the necessity of being good and faithful—which meant taking care of her property, and obeying her every wish. She impressed upon José how she had saved him from starvation, and she did this so often and so forcibly that the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, again and again declared that he would struggle to repay her kindness.

When the sun stood high overhead and the sheep lay about them in drowsy clumps, Fedora took her basket from behind a shady bush and drew from it a substantial piece of bread, a large cluster of grapes plucked from her own vines, and a tempting flagon of home-brewed wine. José had lived with a wandering tribe who to-day had a feast and to-morrow were without food; and now he began to think that, despite his mistress's gruff voice and her readiness to use her hands about his ears, his life was going to be a very pleasant one in his new home. Certainly if she could be cross, she could be kind, and he was not stinted for food; and his mistress seemed well pleased with his healthy young appetite. The afternoon passed without any mishap; and, when at twilight the two followed the sheep down the hillside, little José's heart was as light and happy as it had ever been in the days when he had played with Zora. He lay down that night to dream she was with him; and they were gathering garlands to weave into crowns, as they played at king and queen.

For several days the same thing was repeated, and when Fedora thought José understood what was wanted of him she told him she was not going to the hillside with him again, and that he must watch the sheep for her; and woe be to him if one should stray from the flock.

José had learned to love his mistress; and as he slowly wound his way with his flock to the hills, he determined to give her no cause for complaint. He would not only be careful to see that they did not wander out of his sight and get lost, but he would select the places where the grass was longest and juiciest that they might return to the fold every night fatter than when they went out in the morning.

It was a new pleasure to him to be trusted, and with the utmost delight he set about his task. The morning hours flew swiftly by, and at the time appointed for dinner he seated himself in the shade of an overhanging rock, and ate a hearty and well-earned meal. The sheep had had one long meal from early morning, so, while he was at his, they lay about and nodded in the sun.

When José had finished eating he sat with his back against the cool stone, and looked about him, eyeing his flock with pleasure. How Fedora's heart would delight as she saw them growing fatter and woollier under his care, he thought. Then his large, dreamy eyes wandered away into the valley where the silver stream threaded its course among orange groves and vineyards, past the white city that gleamed like a silver star in the green expanse about it. On and on went his mind, until he was out on the ocean where the great ships that Philip, the peddler's son, had told him about, stood up higher than the highest pinnacles in the city. This was a bad pastime for the little shepherd, and his black ringlets soon began to blow unheeded across his olive-tinted cheek as the large eyes tried hard to keep open. At length they closed in sleep and he was a king, with Zora as queen, ruling over all the cities of the plain.

So sound was his sleep that he did

not hear his flock rising leisurely about him, nibbling the grass at his feet, and then going farther and farther away. It was near sunset when he awoke, and to his horror not an animal could be seen. With a terrified cry he leaped to his feet, and rushed from his shelter, but still none were in sight. On and on up the hill he went, until at last, near the edge of a wood where Fedora had warned him a savage wolf had its hold he saw a few straggling sheep. With eager haste he ran hither and thither, until he thought all were gathered together, and then with a slow gait and a heavy heart he began to drive them homewards.

Mother Fedora had had a lonely day of it in her little garden, and she hailed with delight the reappearance of her little shepherd.

"So, my lad," she said, with kindly gruffness, "you have brought my treasures back to me."

As José timidly drove them into the fold she glanced her eye over them, and suddenly, with a cry of rage, exclaimed: "O, you young thief! you have stolen my fattest pet. Where is it, you thief?" and she seized José by the shoulder and struck him a ringing box on the ear.

"Have you eaten him?" she cried, and in her rage she shook him till his teeth chattered.

For a time the poor lad could not find his voice to reply, but at length he mustered enough courage to say between his sobs, "I fell asleep, and—perhaps—it wandered away."

"Fell asleep, did you?" cried the angry woman, striking him such a blow that he fell helpless to the ground. "It wasn't enough that you cost me two sheep, but now my fattest has gone; well! not a bite will you get until it has been found."

As she scolded on, she drove the sheep into the fold, and when the door was securely bolted, she seized the trembling boy by the shoulder and dragged him up the hill. High and low they hunted, up hill and down dale, but no trace of the missing one could be seen. At last when the stars were all out in the clear summer sky, Fedora gave up hope and retraced her steps to her cottage, scolding all the way.

José was sent to bed hungry, and soon sobbed himself to sleep. Long after midnight he woke with a start: something was pattering about the cottage. Could it be the stray sheep? He rose and walked to the cottage door on tiptoe for fear of waking Fedora, and his hopes were realized, for he heard a gentle, timid bleat. With eager, silent fingers he raised the bar that guarded the door. The sheep was standing by the pen, and José was not long in getting it in among its fellows. He then stole back to the cottage, and succeeded in regaining his couch without rousing his mistress.

To be continued

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal. Fay and Robert go to a sailing party in honor of Mrs. Corbett, an old friend.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued

"Oh, I can't," objected Fay. "It is ten o'clock now," she looked at her wrist, "and it always takes me an hour to go over the contents of my extensive wardrobe, making a selection, before I commence to dress."

"Why don't you toss up?" suggested Evans, seriously.

"I do," laughed the girl, "and the ones that are most tossed up, I put in the wash," she said, pinching Bobbie's arm.

CHAPTER XVI.

Fay dressed herself carefully, and went to meet the train which was to bring Gordon back. In some respects she was glad he was coming for although she foresaw no serious trouble, there was a certain amount of uneasiness in the thought of his anger when he learned of the step she had taken. She had arranged to remain at Southhaven another two weeks, then go north, as the weather was much too hot for comfort, and in that way escape Gordon's troublesome attentions; her marriage was to take place sometime during the summer.

Mrs. Corbett was a real help to her, at this time; Fay spoke unreservedly to her, feeling that if any one could smooth out the tangle, she was that person. It was finally agreed between them that Irene Corbett should offer herself as a lure, a "counter-irritant," as she expressed it. Fay was sure that such a woman could not fail to interest Gordon, and after a few days of treatment under those skilful hands, the news of the engagement was to be broken to him.

Both Ponsonby and Patterson were in the plot, and all waited with a degree of speculative excitement for the rising of the curtain.

Gordon's greeting was very much the same as at the Sayres; he held Fay's hand in a close, firm clasp, and feasted his eyes on her greedily.

"I feel as though I had been away a thousand years," he said, "a thousand years without you! How pale you look!"

"Pale," echoed the girl, laughing, "why this sarcasm?"

"No, no, I mean it. Everyone looks pale; compared with the dusky beauties I have left, you are a lily. What a pretty stock you are wearing, Fay," his keen eye appreciated every detail of her costume; had there been a black pin where a white one should be, he would have noticed it, and been irritated.

"Thank you, I bought it especially to please you. You see, I know your taste.'"

"How like you," he returned, exultingly. He felt suddenly awake, alive; after the enervating days in Mexico, he tingled with a pleasurable excitement.

"Most girls would have pretended that they wore the tie by the merest accident, and my liking it was the greatest surprise in the world. But for that matter all your things please me; do you get them all with that object?" He was more than half serious.

"Not much," she cried, positively. "You forget that I too am a stickler for detail. The merest trifle spoils or makes a person's whole appearance for me. There is nothing so calming to the nerves, so self-satisfying as the consciousness that one is well dressed."

Gordon laughed at this obviously pompous remark.

"Oh, but I am glad to see you, to hear you, to touch you," he suited the action to the word and laid his hand on hers, for an instant. They were picking their way over the remnants of a board walk at the back of the hotel, which had been neglected, owing to the small number of persons who ever came to the Havens by rail. Gordon chose this way, however, as it brought him there almost a half day sooner than the boat.

"What have you been doing since I left? Do you know you only wrote me once during all that time?"

"One can't write here," was Fay's excuse, "that is, not much. Every quiet moment I had was spent in writing Lorna. Did I tell you she lost her little girl?"

"No, you did not. Was it tuberculosis?"

"Very likely, although Lorna called it pneumonia. Just think what Chester's weakness has brought upon her—two deaths, and her own impaired health; she does not say so, but I can feel it by the tone of her letters. I *know* there is some trouble there, but she won't tell me what it is."

With masculine selfishness, which he would have denied, had the accusation been laid to him, Gordon changed the

FAY WENT TO MEET GORDON

subject. He did not like to see Fay sad, he did not want to be sad himself, so he asked.

"Have you seen my launch?" Although this grated upon Fay's sensibilities rudely, she controlled herself.

"No, is it here?"

"It should be. Come down to the boat house and let's see."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the landing where all the private boats belonging to Southhaven guests were kept; Gordon made an exclamation.

"Ah, there she is! Isn't she a beauty? I have named her 'The Idlewylde'—but when you say the word, we will call her 'Fay.' Hello, here's Harrison too, my engineer. Well Harrison, is she in first class shape?"

The man touched his cap and came quickly forward.

"She's the finest around these parts, sir," he said proudly. "I am glad you are here, sir, she's frettin' for a run."

The Idlewylde was indeed a beauty. She was a trunk cabin, four cylinder, four cycle, gasoline launch, making about fourteen knots an hour. Aft of midships, the boat consisted of a self-bailing cock-pit, leading by two or three steps into a fair sized cabin, the forward part of which was partitioned off, and devoted entirely to the accommodation of the engine and steering gear, in such a manner as to require the services of only one person to operate the boat. From the stern to twelve feet aft on either side, she was ornamented by a light brass rail, and right in the nose forward, rose a slender flag pole. The cockpit was luxuriously fitted up with heavily tufted leather cushions and lounge chairs; the cabin proper was finished in hard wood panels of mahogany, the transoms so arranged as to pull out, and fall down, their backs heavily upholstered, forming spacious and comfortable sleeping accommodation. The details of the launch were perfect, and Gordon had every reason to be proud of her, more especially as Fay was so unrestrained in her praise.

She was again her old happy, carefree self, taking unfeigned delight in the thought of the many excursions they would have in the boat.

"Can we go to-night?" she asked Gordon, as they walked back to the hotel.

"By all means," he agreed eagerly, "just you and I. You must see how good I am going to be."

A cloud crossed Fay's face. She had forgotten, and in any case, she had no intention of being alone with Gordon until she was prepared to tell him about Bobbie.

"Oh, no," she argued, "don't be selfish. Beside, there are some people here who have been awfully good to me, and I want you to be nice to them. Do you remember hearing me speak of Mrs. Corbett?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"She is here, at least she is at Bayhaven. I would like her to come, and a friend of hers named Ponsonby. Then there are the turtle-doves, and young Patterson."

"Who?" Gordon had evidently forgotten his existence, and Fay wondered whether her voice sounded elaborately nonchalant, as she explained who Patterson was.

"Oh, yes, I remember," Wylde's indifference was laughable, "the *calf*,"—Fay knew he would call Bobbie a calf,—"who toddled after you, the night I left. Oh well, amuse yourself in your own way, my dear."

However, the party was arranged and was a great success. Mrs. Corbett exerted herself to please Gordon, and her best efforts were not easily withstood. Walter Evans and his wife did their utmost to be agreeable; and Bobbie and Ponsonby vied with each other in being amusing.

Harrison put straight out to sea, and the little party soon felt as though they had the big stretch of water to themselves, save when they crossed the path of a huge steamer bound with its cargo of fruit for New York.

"And the stately ships go on,
To their haven, under the hill,
But, oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

quoted Fay, in her rich, low voice. "What would happen, Gordon, if a stately ship collided with us?" she called, leaning across Robert that she might see the last of the steamer.

"Exactly what would happen if a sharp knife met a loaf of bread, suddenly; we would be cut in two so quickly that we would never know it."

"Oh, how awful," Millie edged closer to her husband, "and what of the other people. The ones on the steamer?"

Ponsonby cleared his throat and sang in a high nasal falsetto.

"Says the ant to the elephant, 'who are you a-shovin'?' That answers it, doesn't it, Wylde?"

Mrs. Corbett laughed. "Very good for you, Ponsonby! They would hardly know they had struck anything, my dear," she explained, consolingly, to Millie. "But don't borrow trouble, we all carry lights. Now, Ponsonby, look at your cuff and see what else you have written there, I saw you making notes out of 'Punch' just before we started. Such a tiresome man," she continued, turning back to Gordon "one of the kind who looks before he leaps, you know, then goes cautiously on all fours. Oh, dear!"

For a week all seemed to go well, according to Fay's plan. She divided her time between the two men; and when not with her, Gordon was with Mrs. Corbett, who interested him keenly.

"If I loved Bobbie for nothing else," Fay said to her one day, "I should dote on him all my life for the patience and unselfishness he is showing just now. It is scarcely human, is it?"

"It is wonderful, and I think the time has come for you to throw down your hand, Fay. I must leave day after to-morrow and Mr. Wylde has every idea of following you north this summer. Why not to-night?"

A sort of nausea crept over the girl, for the first time in her life she shrank from "playing fair."

"It would be much easier to write to him," she suggested weakly. Then in answer to Mrs. Corbett's contemptuous look, she added,

"All right, I know I'm a coward, but I have had peace so long, I can't bear to bring on the storm. Take Bobbie with you, and I will tell Gordon. You see I really have not been alone with him since he came back."

"Where is your ring?"

"Bobbie has it; that was his own suggestion."

"The dear old boy!"

Gordon followed Fay from the dinner table, eagerly. Up to the present time he had felt satisfied to share her with these others, and when not with her, he had been amply entertained by Mrs. Corbett. But to-night, the old longing was strong in him, and would not be suppressed. He made up his mind to gain her promise of marriage this night.

"I have shown her that I can let her alone," he said with intense self-satisfaction, "and to-night shall be another proof. I will not touch her, but she must promise."

Fay walked slowly toward the pier, trailing her gown through the dry sand. She looked but a mite in the close-fitting black crepe de chine, lightened by a single turquoise bow reaching from the left shoulder down across her breast, and Gordon, following her, smiled ironically to himself at the thought of a tiny atom like that being so hard to obtain.

"I could pick you up and run off with you," he said, reaching her side, "you don't look larger than a good sized doll to-night."

"Picking up and running off is not a matter of avoirdupois," she answered slowly, "I am going to pick myself up soon and go north; May here would be dreadfully trying."

"Where are you going?"

"New York, I suppose. I—I have some shopping to do."

Gordon apparently did not notice her nervousness, and they walked up and down the pier until the light had quite faded, and the blackness of a moonless night settled heavily upon them.

"Will you sit down, Fay?" he asked. "I have hardly seen you, since I came back. Have I not been good, dear, and don't I deserve a reward?"

"One question at a time, please," Fay cried. "It is so much easier to ask than to answer." She sat down and fanned herself slowly.

"You have been your very nicest self," she went on, "and you must know that I appreciate it. Just think, we have not had one quarrel for a whole week. How long is this going to last, I wonder?"

"Always," was the quick answer. "I wrote you that while I was away I had learned many things—most of them you know already, such as my not being able to do without you,

dear. But a very important one was that I *can* control myself, and will. Do you believe me?"

Fay did not know what to answer. She realized that Gordon's opportunities for anything but control had been few, since his return, she also was positive that some trivial thing would turn his thoughts into the old channel, making his good resolutions futile. She dared not put him to the test just now; she could not tell him to wait, on probation, as it were.

He spoke again—

"No, you do not believe me, I see. Well give me a fair chance, and let me prove it. Will a month do?"

"Gordon," said Fay, quietly, "I never liked you better than I have since you came back, and you know why. You have not worried me, you have gone your own way, and I mine. You have been keen and clever, just as you were when I first knew you, and I have been very happy. Now the month of probation—what would it prove? That you could possibly go on that way for a certain length of time, only in anticipation of a reward at the end, so to speak. You could not promise that we would *live* on like this indefinitely, could you?"

Gordon turned a little away from the girl; the irregular swish of the breakers was such a trying accompaniment to her *vibrant* voice. He was conscious of slipping from the stand he had taken, her words suggested so many things.

"Besides—" she went on hesitatingly.

"Wait," he interrupted, speaking rapidly, tensely, "will you come away with me this summer, come away to the wilds some where and let me prove to you how closely I can live according to your wishes; then if I can—"

"But if you can't," interposed the girl, quickly, "what of me, what of my friends?"

"Society?" questioned Gordon, contemptuously. "Bah, you don't really care for Mrs. Grundy, you said so yourself. And after all what *is* society?" he leaned forward before he was aware of it and took her hand, crushing it until it hurt.

"I once heard a little girl say that society was 'dressing up and going out and seeing who would have you.'" Fay laughed and tried to draw her hand away.

Wylde made an exclamation of impatience.

"Your proposition does not appeal to me, Gordon. I am not sure that such a thing might not have its advantages, if I loved you, or had any idea of marrying you ultimately, but tonight I want to tell you—"

Again he interrupted, "Don't say anything final, don't, I beg. It will not do the least bit of good—I won't—I can't give you up."

Fay rose. She intended to walk to the other side of the pier and think for a moment. It was so much harder than she had anticipated. But, as she moved quickly away, her gown caught on a nail in the bench, where she had been sitting and jerked her back, so that she lost her balance and fell full against Wylde.

It was the last straw; he crushed her hungrily to him with all his fierce, passionate strength, he held her supple little body close to his own trembling one, breathing mad, incoherent words against her heavy, delicately perfumed hair. He kissed her with the total abandon of his long pent-up desire, and would not have released her, but for the sound of a step, close to them.

Fay stood erect, breathing a little quickly, and waited for the timely intruder to approach. She gave a glad cry when she recognized Robert, and ran forward.

"Robert," she said, "I was just about to ask Mr. Wylde's congratulations," her eyes blazed with anger, as she turned back to the man on the bench, "Gordon, I wanted to tell you, that I have promised to marry Robert Patterson!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Northrop did not go to Saranac One thing after another detained him meetings of various boards came in close succession, short trips on urgent business took him away parts of several weeks, and the early spring had come

before he felt himself anything like free.

Perhaps deep down in his heart he dreaded leaving Lorna, she was so very frail and weak. At any rate things went on in their accustomed way until a telegram came urging Lorna to go to her husband at once.

For weeks a strange apathy had possessed her. She felt able to go about the house as usual, helping Nanny, whose rheumatism made her almost useless for most of the work. She took pride and pleasure in teaching Edward simple lessons, and she no longer dreaded the crisis which previously she had felt must come, in connection with Northrop's constant presence.

The sting of Mrs. Patterson's words faded, the longing for Chester and the two little children lessened appreciably. Life seemed to hold nothing, nothing, but a racking pain, a cough, blinding, crimson spots—and oblivion.

Even the pinch for money did not cause her much uneasiness. She could not think, and accepted Northrop's explanation of dividends and a substantial bonus, without questioning. When he came to see her, he found her appealingly sweet, tender, womanly, weak. If he had loved her in her strength before, how much greater was his love, in her unconscious dependence. She never alluded to her illness, always speaking of herself as doing and able to do things as before. He did not know that she had ever had a hemorrhage, for two reasons, first, because she absolutely refused to see the physician after Phoebe's death, and second, because she would not see Northrop when at her worst.

Edward came close to his mother one day and detected a few small spots on the front of her dress.

"What is that on your waist, mudder?" he asked.

Lorna looked down quickly, and saw the tell tale stains. It was about the hour when Northrop generally came.

"Eh, mudder"? the child asked again. "What made them?"

"Blackberry jam," replied Lorna, impatiently, going to her room for a fresh waist. When Northrop came she looked her usual immaculate self.

Now the telegram! Its summons scarcely roused her, though when Northrop suggested accompanying her, she vehemently protested; a faint horror came over her at the thought of meeting any one she knew, and Mrs. Patterson's words recurred to her as through long ages of numbness.

"I have your ticket, berth and check here, Lorna," said Clinton, laying an envelope on the table," and this is my address. I am going west again tonight, if you absolutely refuse to let me come with you. Of course Edward will be all right here with Nanny, will he not?"

"Yes, thank you. I should have liked to take him with me, but feared he would feel it too keenly, and perhaps they would not let Chester see him."

"He is much better here," said Northrop, positively. "There is the cab, now. Come."

She rose unsteadily, and walked to the door of the nursery. Edward and Nanny were building castles—oh, that we might see some of ours realized half so well,—and Lorna felt her eyes fill with tears as she thought of leaving him.

"You will surely come back, mudder," begged the child with his lips against his mother's hand, "you and daddy?"

"I hope so, darling, yes."

"Well, kiss me good-bye, then. You can do it this once, can't you?" Edward turned to Northrop. "Do you know it has been *ever* so long since she kissed me, even a prayer kiss!"

Lorna buried her face in the child's hair an instant, then turned abruptly away. As Clinton helped her down the stairs, he felt her whole body tremble.

He had reserved the drawing room, hoping to make the trying journey a little more comfortable.

But Lorna lifted reproachful eyes to his.

What shall I tell Chester? she seemed to say.

Clinton settled her things in his quiet, unobtrusive way, then sat down beside her and took her hot, feverish

hand in his. "This trip is a birthday gift from me," he said quietly. "In a few days, little Phoebe would have had an anniversary, Lorna dear, and you and Chester know I would have remembered it. Will you be sure to tell him?"

Two big tears rolled down her cheeks, as she silently bowed her head.

"I wish I could find words from which you could draw a ray of comfort," the man continued, "you can at least know that my heart is with you every moment."

He stood up and swallowed hard, then bent over tenderly, and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Good-bye," she whispered with closed eyes. He was gone.

The journey was a nameless horror; at first Lorna suffered from the heat, then when her drawing room had been ventilated she was icy cold. She was hungry, yet when food was brought the sight of it sickened her, and worse than all, she began to *feel*.

The numbness which had been such a relief, wore away, and torturing thoughts beset her. Just how ill was Chester? Should she be in time? Would he accuse her of callousness for not having come sooner? What would he say to Northrop's gift?

The thought that she might be too late sent a wave of agony over her, she tried to picture him as he was when he left, but in her weakness she got his face confused with Northrop's and finally gave it up. Would he notice her altered appearance, and accuse himself of being the cause? She must put on her bravest front, that he might not see and understand.

The next day seemed endless and for the first time since her illness Lorna felt a thrill of fear. She experienced sensations before unnoticed, and her cough was wretchedly troublesome. Spells of faintness recurred with alarming frequency, and she began to wonder whether she could see Chester that night. A rest, she thought, would help her.

Arrived at the sanitarium, however, about nine o'clock she was told that her husband expected her, and that she had better go, at once, "though I can see you are not fit to talk to him to-night," added the nurse apologetically. "You look dreadfully ill yourself, Mrs. Sayre. I don't think Mr. Sayre knew, did he?"

Lorna shook her head.

"Of course I never told him. Is there no hope?"

"Oh, we never say that," answered the nurse, evasively. "As a matter of fact he is slightly better than when we wired you."

"He is better, to my way of thinking, than *she* is," she confided later to the night superintendent.

Lorna stopped a moment outside the room to brace herself. She coughed, and passed her handkerchief across her lips, petulantly. Had "this" come on again?

She opened the door, and stepped softly into the dimly lighted room. Chester lay flat on his back, his arms lying inertly at his side, and the outline of his frame showing gaunt and emanciated. He opened his eyes, and whispered feebly.

"I have been waiting for you so long, so long!"

Lorna went quickly forward, and flung herself on her knees beside him, kissing the thin cheeks tenderly.

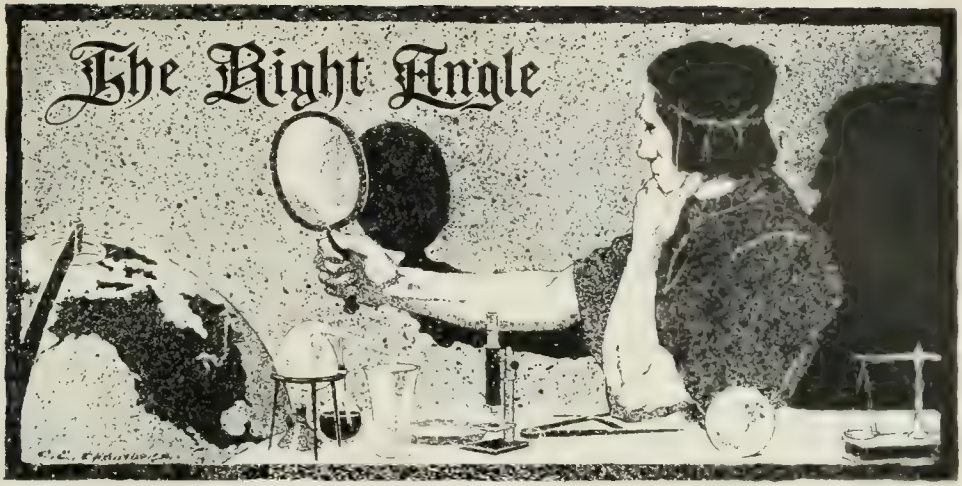
"My boy," she murmured huskily.

"Don't look at me," said Chester, childishly pushing her away, "and don't kiss me, they said you must not. Tell me about the children, and Nanny, and Northrop."

Again that faintness. The room spun round and grew dark, except for the white counterpane upon which her head rested. It seemed to be flecked all over with darting crimson spots. Lorna did not know how long it was before she answered.

"They are all right, dear," she said. "Clinton would have liked to have come with me, but he had to go west again."

To be concluded



A PAINTER OF SOULS

A DARK-EYED slip of a girl, Miss Edith P. Stevenson, has been bringing new honors to Canada in the realm of portrait painting. Recent exhibitions in the large American cities, and latest of all, in Toronto, have brought most flattering notices from the critics. One of the foremost writes, "Geniuses are not so common that when they appear we can afford to neglect them. It may startle Toronto people to hear that a young genius has grown up among them, but those who have seen Miss Stevenson's pictures are quite ready to accept the valuation that New York has placed upon them."

Her work is especially notable for freedom and originality of execution and handling of color combinations; and for her keen insight into her sitter's personality. It is not simply the form and feature that are displayed in line and color on her canvas,—a spirit looks out of the pictured eyes. Her fidelity to her subjects is based on a spontaneity and quick intuition of character, an unconscious feeling for and realization of character. Though the artist have never so facile a brush, and never so light a trick of gaining what is popularly called "a likeness," a portrait is worth nothing unless it shows what no school can teach, and no method inculcate—the living presentment of an "indefeasible soul." This gift is almost an uncanny one—indeed some of her friends half believe that she possesses some psychic power that brings her into instant harmony with the spirit of her sitters, and accounts for her wonderful success.

EDITH P. STEVENSON

"No, I have no method," says Miss Stevenson, when she is asked what school she follows. "I work according to no set rule, no precept, but simply because I cannot help it. Sometimes when I face up to a blank canvas, I feel that I cannot draw a line. And then perhaps suddenly—it comes! Before I realize it, my charcoal outline is made, the whole

picture is before my fancy; the only trouble is to make my brush keep pace with my mind. . . . . Of course there is a certain similarity of treatment in my pictures. I suppose those who know my work well could guess at 'a Stevenson' without looking for the signature, but it isn't intentional. That is, I don't follow any 'manner'; I paint each sitter in the only way I know—as I see him."

And that, perhaps, is the reason why Miss Stevenson's portraits are so individual, so unsuggestive of each other. She subordinates her own personality to that of her sitter. There will never be a stock "Stevenson girl" that you can pick out at thirty feet by the way she wears her hair or carries a riding-crop.

Even as a child, the world to Miss Stevenson was not the ordinary workaday world of Third and Fourth Streets, and Mrs. Jones' house on the corner, but a wonderful fairyland of form and color. "Looking back on those days," she says, with a reminiscent smile, "I fear I missed most of the fun that comes

From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

JESSIE, DAUGHTER OF R. M. OWEN

From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

MISS AMELIA B. WARNOCK

to other children—but I found compensation. It was always so fascinating to explore my own private world."

Canada has some gifted portrait painters, but none so youthful who have gone so far. Her very youth lends optimism and enthusiasm, which carry her past dangers that, in the

years to come, must be surmounted by experience, but with steady, patient labor, the passing years mean certain and rich growth; and when Miss Stevenson, who has just passed her majority, shall have reached a maturer experience and a fuller knowledge of life, the result may well make her country proud.

THE RADFORD WOOD-BISON

THE winter mail-packet that came down a few weeks ago from the fur-posts of the Mackenzie brings the news that the largest wood-bison ever secured in the Far North has been taken by Harry V. Radford, the young New York explorer and scientist, who, by permission of the Canadian Government, has been spending a year in scientific studies among the northern provinces. During the last four months of 1909 he has been making his headquarters at Fort Smith, and studying the habits and habitat of the world's last herd of wood-buffalo that roam over the fertile triangular peninsula of land lying between the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers where Alberta province fringes out into the wide Mackenzie district, and where he secured a magnificent beast.

In this kill, Mr. Radford has been more fortunate than previous hunters. Warburton Pike, Captain Hanbury, and Caspar Whitney have all aspired, but none succeeded in bringing down one of these kings of the northern forest. Three other specimens of wood-buffalo which have been killed by order of the Canadian Government in this same bison-range by old Indian hunters, are now included in the Canadian exhibit at London and the Geological Survey Museum at Ottawa; but as in each case the skeletons of the bison were not preserved, and their hides were removed in sections, all, for lack of the skeleton and other data, were mounted according to the lines of the plains bison, which is radically different in form, and according to old hunters, belongs to a different species. It is interesting to note that Mr. Radford declares his studies of the last four months bear out this statement of the Indian hunters who thirty years ago hunted both plains and wood bison along the Saskatchewan River.

From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson
THE GIRL IN PINK

The Radford bison is a perfect specimen, higher, bulkier, and three hundred pounds heavier than the famous Hornaday bison of the United States Museum, the carcass tipping the scale at 2,402 pounds. The skeleton and hide have been carefully preserved, the head and hide being removed in one; and because of this, Mr. Radford's trophy will no doubt be the best scientific specimen of these shaggy beasts in existence.

The herd has been protected by stringent regulations of the Canadian Government, and is even more or less under the supervision of the Mounted Police, who occasionally patrol the bi-

son-range and keep the Indians from slaughtering these valuable animals. Mr. Radford secured special permission to take one specimen for zoological purposes, and has without doubt made a valuable addition to the general scientific knowledge of an almost extinct species.

His studies of the wood-bison now being accomplished, Mr. Radford will leave his winter quarters at Fort Smith, to strike out over the barren Lands, and up into that practically unexplored region lying east of the Mackenzie River along the Arctic.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUN

"HOWEVER the laugh is gained, in whatever style the jest is delivered, the laugh-maker is a public benefactor for laughter is the salt of life and keeps the mass wholesome." So says Marshall P. Wilder, not in apology for his profession, but as a statement of elemental fact. The sense of humor is a buffer providently interposed between man and the world's hard edges, a protection against laceration of the soul. In the last twenty years or so, Mr. Wilder has put a girdle of smiles around the earth twice, and traced an arabesque of merriment all over Europe and America. He is notable as much for his philosophy as for his fun, though it is doubtful if he sees himself that way. But his quips and his quiddities have power because they touch living human nature, often deeply —which is to say he is a humorist rather than merely a wit.

Mr. Wilder has written three books that are worth while: "People I Have Smiled With," "The Sunny Side of the Street," and "Smiling Round the World" (Funk-Wagnalls Company). They are good to read and to keep, because their optimism expresses itself in a broad appeal to all that is best in most of us, and nothing that is

From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson
MRS. W. S. DINNICK, TORONTO

doubtful or morbid in any. Not in the snap and bump way of your "Keep Smiling" cards, but in a generous warmth whose effect will remain long after the cause itself may have been forgotten.

EVERY MAN'S DREAM

THE golden West's magic has never been more understandingly shown than in Paul Wickson's painting, "The Promised Land". That same sunset glamour which gilded the peaks of El Dorado and drew the men of fair Devon to dare the North Atlantic seas shines upon the faces of the settler and his wife as they follow the pointing finger of the Mounted Policeman with eager eyes.

A bit of ground with a bit of sky over it is all that lies yonder, but to their enchanted gaze it is life and liberty and love; the ten-strand fences guard their cattle; the prosperous barns rise, white-painted; children play about the door.

From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson
DOLLY, DAUGHTER OF J. C. WILLIAMS

For, after all, what is heaven but a man and a maid and a mud hut? Many a man on his office stool dreams of it his life long—the smell of the sweet spring earth, and the meadow-lark calling in his field, and his wife beside him, and the soil that he labors in his own. That little commonplace man at the next desk but one has his dream of it, too; deep down in his heart it lives and breathes in the dark.

The artist has caught this elemental feeling on his canvas. The faces of the settler and his wife are lighted from without by the closing day, but it is the dawn of hope within that gives the quick heart-lift to the beholder. Even the horses prick up their ears in sympathetic interest. A common enough little story, to be sure, but Paul Wickson tells it with an insight and faith that makes it stir the pulses of anyone who has ever felt the Anglo-Saxon desire for house and glebe.

Mr. Wickson found his inspiration for "The Promised Land" during a recent stay in Western Canada where he made a study of the horses of the Saskatchewan and Alberta ranches. In fact, the horse is his favorite subject, and the walls of his big studio at Paris, Ontario, are lined with paintings of every kind of equine that ever whisked a tail. Incidentally, his rambling, old-fashioned house is just such a place as you and I and the young settler of his paintings have always dreamed of. Hospitable, sunny, set in the midst of trees and green lawns sloping down to a little river, it is the pet playground of half the young folk of the countryside. His own beautiful horses pas-

From a painting by Edith P. Stevenson

GAITHER

ture in the paddocks, and his many animal models have a whole set of cages to themselves.

THAT SPRING FEELIN'

Yet, when the signs of the summer thicken,
And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken,
Yearly you turn from our side and sicken—
Sicken again for the shouts and the slaughters;
You steal away to the lapping waters,
And look at your ship in her winter quarters.

—*Harp Song of the Dane Women*

PERHAPS it was yesterday, or maybe to-morrow—it doesn't really matter much—that you woke up half-an-hour before your usual time, saw a streak of unaccustomed sunlight on the maple tree outside your window, two or three feathery tassels swaying against the morning blue, and heard the first robin fiddling industriously away on the timidly-green lawn.

"Spring!" said you, putting your nose out into the cool morning. "Fine day to fix up that boat!"

Or, maybe it was a fine day to exercise Bucephalus-Dobbin, or take out your runabout, or try your luck on the marshes with that double-barrel you gave your oldest boy for Christmas. Oh, yes, the out-of-doors and something to kill! Primal stirrings awoke in your breast. You were the elemental man, yearning to go out in the wet wild woods and bring home a—a—what did they used to get?—aurochses, weren't they? Fine! An aurochs was just what you wanted.

And then Mary woke up; heard the robin, saw the sunlight, observed the swaying tassels silhouetted against the sapphirine sky, and remarked:

"John, you really must fix up the yard to-day. It's perfectly disgraceful the way it looks. The Joneses have got their lettuce and radishes all sown."

It was all off with the primitive man right there. You knew better than to argue. You hunted up the hoe and the rake and kicked the rusty lawn-mower, and got busy.

And when at last you snuggled your pillow comfortably under your left ear, feeling that delicious dreamland weariness in every limb, you grinned to yourself in the dark and decided you could get along without that aurochs after all. Spring was what you wanted—just spring, and plenty of it.

From a painting by Paul Wickson.

THE FACES OF THE SETTLER AND HIS WIFE ARE LIGHTED FROM WITHOUT BY THE CLOSING DAY

Theatrical comment and gossip by Currie Love, illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell, and with photographs

MRS. PARTNER

GRACE GEORGE has been called the most charming and versatile of comediennes on the American stage to-day. In view of this fact, it is rather regrettable that her latest starring vehicle, *Mrs. Partner*, by Thompson Buchanan, should be of so slight a texture.

True, it serves to keep Miss George constantly in the centre of the stage, and affords her many opportunities for the display of her physical and histrionic charms, which are by no means few, but the play itself—well, it doesn't impress one as being what the Scotchman calls the "real Mackay."

Cicely Hamilton (Grace George) is married to a bigamist, as she declares with vehemence, her rival in her husband's affection being not another woman, but that "fascinating, monstrous, evil goddess—business".

"You've joined the American husband's club," she declares.

"Your password is 'I must work for my wife'. Why don't you give your wife some real happiness? I want my husband, not a machine."

And so, finally, the husband gives in and tells her that she may consider herself a partner in his business. Then does Cicely start in to show what a woman can do to complicate business affairs. Her first move is to build a gymnasium, library and bath-rooms at her husband's factories for the employees, who are inclined to consider the boss's wife and her efforts in their behalf as more or less of a joke.

Hamilton is forced to the wall by the trust and Cicely, desiring only good for her husband, yet works him harm, for she betrays an important business secret to the trust and then further complicates matters by endeavoring to mix oil and water—the wives of her employees and the members of her fashionable club. Learning that their wives had been snubbed and laughed at by the club women, the men decide to refuse a proposed cut in wages and go out on strike.

The Hamilton household is in chaos. Cicely and her husband are at daggers drawn, and it looks as if the business would be absorbed by the trust at ruinous terms when Cicely conceives a brilliant plan. Once more she talks to her husband's business enemies, and again she appears to betray a secret, but this time she lies, and by that lie she saves her husband's business. He dictates his own terms to the trust and they are accepted. Mrs. Partner has won—by a lie.

That's the indefensible part of the ending. If women are to enter business life, surely we may expect better from them than the shop-worn subterfuges of the business grafter. It's a poor argument for the suffragette, a dis-

heartening thought for the business woman who believes in the dignity of her calling.

For Miss George it was a great personal success, and her supporting company was excellent, a particularly good piece of character work being done by Margarita Fischer as "Sadie Ferguson."

THOMAS W. ROSS

THOMAS W. ROSS starring in *The Fortune Hunter*, was born in a little town called Barnston, in the province of Quebec, but at the tender age of three years, his parents carried him off to Boston where they gave him the major part of his education.

Still, Canada and things Canadian have a peculiar interest for Mr. Ross and he has given time and thought to the study of conditions in our country.

"Canadians are the salt of the earth," he says. "They are wholesome. Great wealth has not yet begun to get the octopus hold on your people that it has on the United States and it is true that too much money breeds disease of mind and thought. The Canadians are people of moderate, not of exorbitant, wealth, and they have not the decayed mental fibre that goes with surplus millions.

"Then, too, the Canadians believe in education. Good old-country stock they are, and so they send the boy to college or if they are unable, even by dint of pinching and scraping, to put him through, he sends himself to college, works his way, and gets an education which makes him a man among men.

"If this were not so, Canadians would not be so successful on the Yankee side of the border. Over there you find the 'Canuck,' as they insist on calling him, prominent in every walk of life. On the newspapers, in the banks, the trust companies, the railway offices, wherever you may go, they are always high up in the business or profession, whichever it may be. And in my own line of work, half the stars are Canadian born.

GRACE GEORGE
Starring in *Mrs. Partner*

"It's a great country, Canada. Quality makes up for lack of quantity in your population. And your cities are beautiful. I can imagine no more delightful place to live than Toronto. I spent some time there last summer during the yacht races and I must say that the Canadians have the English beaten a block for clean sportsmanship. Montreal and Winnipeg are great business centres; Quebec has a more picturesque setting than any city on the continent and

THE CLIMAX OF *The Fortune Hunter* WHEN OLD GRAHAM FINDS HIS DAUGHTER AND NAT DUNCAN UNCONSCIOUS OF THE RAIN IN THEIR NEW-FOUND JOY

the west—well, I'm growing enthusiastic about my native land and its heritage."

WOULD YOU FOR A MILLION?

A FEW years ago one of those catch phrases like "How old is Anne" went the rounds of the country and everywhere when one said "I don't care to do it," one was greeted with the question "would you for a million?" That's the question *The Fortune Hunter* answers and the manner of the answer makes one of the most interesting plays of the season.

Nathaniel Duncan (Thomas W. Ross) is a young chap who has gone through college with unlimited funds at his disposal and like most young men with too much money, all he has learned at college is how to have a "good time."

His father dies suddenly, leaving his affairs seriously involved and young Nat finds that he has neither money nor education at his back to fit him for this new game of wresting a living

from an unappreciative, unsympathetic world. Kellogg, friend of his, who worked his way through college, and who has done remarkably well in the financial world, "stakes" Nat and finds him one job after another only to have Nat lose out after a week or two and come back on his hands again.

Finally Nat rebels and decides that he will forge out his own fortune and cease to be a sponge.

Kellogg makes a proposition—"if you'll follow my rules, you'll be a millionaire inside of a year."

"Who do I have to murder?" asks Nat and then Kellogg tells him the rules.

"Pick out a small town where the best of the young men have gone to the city and the girls who have been educated at fashionable boarding-schools, are disgusted with those that remain. I'll stake you to a wardrobe of quiet but good looking clothes, silk socks, patent leather shoes, good cravats. You must stop smoking, swearing, and drinking and go to church on Sundays.

"When you arrive there, take a room in a good locality and study all the time. Don't know anyone. Don't let anyone make friends with you. After you've been there about a month go out seeking for employment. Don't be anxious. Ask for something to do—then walk out as if you didn't care whether you got it or not. Finally take a position where you're likely to come in contact with the girls in the village. Select the one whose father has the most money and—let her marry you. All you'll have to do is to sit back, don't show any eagerness and allow her to make love to you. It will work—like a charm."

"IT'S SO SPLENDID OF YOU TO LIVE THE LIFE YOU DO. YOU ARE ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF IT AND I WANT YOU TO REALIZE IT IT MAKES EVERYBODY LOVE YOU—" BETTY HESITATED SHYLY, AFRAID SHE HAD SAID TOO MUCH.

Nat says reflectively, "It's a pretty low-down scheme, but it isn't low enough to keep me from doing it—only—God help the future Mrs. Duncan!"

Everything Kellogg has predicted comes to pass. Duncan, with his quiet clothes, his well-bred air, and his studious habits, becomes the one topic of conversation among the village belles of Radville, the little town he selects for his venture and when he goes into the bro-

GRAHAM, THE OLD INVENTOR, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE DRUG STORE WHERE NAT DUNCAN LEARNS TO KNOW HIMSELF

ken-down drugstore of Sam Graham, who has given all his time and money to inventions which he has never had capital enough to put on the market, the girls all flock to the shop for soda. Nat's engagement to the banker's daughter follows soon.

To Graham and his daughter Betty the young chap is a veritable deliverer. He gets them out of the power of the village Shylock, sends Betty to school, interests New York capital in one of Mr. Graham's inventions, redecorates and restocks the drug-store and puts everything on a modern businesslike basis. Old Graham, whose "only fault was that he did not know how to make money," leans more and more on the boy and Nat, in helping others, finds himself.

When Kellogg arrives to visit the six months' resident at Radville, Nat says, "I am happy for the first time in my life. I like church and I like the Reubs. They may size up badly at first but when you come to know them, they're allright."

But Kellogg refuses to believe that

the once irresponsible Nat is satisfied to settle down in this "one-horse town" and become a druggist. Just then Betty comes home from school and Nat is amazed at the change that has been wrought in the "ugly duckling".

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALMA BELWIN

Playing the role of "Betty Graham" in *The Fortune Hunter*

She went away a little girl in a shabby frock; she comes home a young lady, smartly gowned and charming beyond belief. Betty explains that the transformation is due to Nat's kind offices but he protests, assuring her that she alone has accomplished the change.

"Why, Nat, you began it the first day I saw you in the old store, by the things you said to me," Betty hastens to explain. "Then I watched you as you made life a heaven for father and me, and I thought if I were a man I'd try to be as near like you as I could. The time you told me you were going to send me to school, I said to myself 'I'll follow his example just as near as I possibly can. I'll work ever so hard and I'll try to treat people as he treats them', and oh, Nat, it's worked so wonderfully! It's made all the girls at school like me, and now, what's ten thousand times best of all, you notice the improvement the moment you see me! And I—I never was so happy in my life. Nat, you are the very best man in the whole world! ..... You must let me tell you the truth about yourself. It's so splendid to live the life you do. You are all unconscious of it and I want you to realize it. It makes everybody love you—" she hesitated, shyly, afraid she had said too much.

Then things happen quickly. Nat's engagement with the heiress is broken; he and Betty delight the old man's

heart by deciding to marry and Kellogg announces that an option on Graham's last invention has brought $50,000. The rules have worked; Nat has won the heiress, love, and best of all, he has learned to know the greatest thing in the world, the secret of happiness—work.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALICE DOVEY

With Lew Fields in *Old Dutch*

MILLINERIZED ALISON

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

THERE is a garden on her hat
Where roses with green lilies grow,
And ecru daisies, as to that,
With cherries of a ruddy glow—
And oft I sit and sadly sigh
That all this garden I must buy.

Flowers of such amazing hue
Flourish about her bonnet brim,
And fruits Pomona never knew
(Unless she had a crazy whim).
I gasp because the price is high
Upon this garden I must buy.

Her eyes sought first the big price-mark,
Her voice then called the hat a "dream"—
She could have bought it in the dark
And given it the more esteem.
Mine is the patient husbandry
Since all this garden I must buy.

NATURE'S OVERSIGHT

"YES," repeats the lecturer, "tens of thousands of years ago we had tails growing from our backs, the same as monkeys. But as the race evolved into the higher degrees of civilization, the tails disappeared."

"Wasn't it a pity?" asks the little woman with the eyeglasses and the notebook. "If we could have kept them they would now have been so convenient for holding up our skirts on muddy crossings."

THE PLEASURE OF PURSUIT

"I AM surprised at you," says the old friend. "A man who loves his nip as you do—to take a leading part in the campaign which closed every saloon in your town!"

"Well," explains the other, "you can't imagine how much better a drink tastes when you have to break a law to get it."

OPEN-MINDED

"IF IT were not that you have signed a pledge not to marry a man who does not favor woman's suffrage, I should propose to you," says the young man.

"Well, that is my belief," replies the young woman, "but I am not a fanatic about it."

LIGHTENED THE LOAD

"THERE goes Mrs. Miggins," says the lady with the dimpled hands. "I heard her acknowledge the other day that she is forty years old. She carries her age well, don't you think?"

"Carries it well?" sniffs the lady with two shades of hair. "No wonder! If she says she is forty she has dropped twelve years and that makes her age a good deal lighter."